'IVOUS NOTES ON THE HISTORY and ADVENTURES Of the RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE.

First Published by

EDMUND GAYTON, Esq;

In the Year 1654.

Revised, with ALTERATIONS and ADDITIONS, and adapted to the modern Translations of that celebrated Work.

To which is now added, a COPIOUS

INDEX.

By JOHN POTTER.

——Lusus animo debent aliquando dari,
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.

PHÆDR.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for F. NEWBERY, the Corner of *St. Paul's Church-Yard*; ROBINSON and ROBERTS, *Paternoster-Row*; T. BECKET and P. A. de HONDT, in the *Strand*; J. WALTER, *Charing-Cross*; W. FLEXNEY, in *Holborn*, and W. DOMVILLE, under the *Royal-Exchange*.
MDCCLXXI.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Book, was first published in the Year 1654, by EDMUND GAYTON, Esq. More is not expressed in the title page, nor have I ever been able to learn who he was. Considering the age in which he lived, I think I may venture to pronounce him an Author of no inconsiderable merit. That he was a known, and an esteemed writer, is hardly to be doubted, when we consider the names prefixed to nine complimentary copies of verses, published before the work. He certainly was a man of sense, a scholar, and a wit: Perfectly acquainted with the follies and vices of the times; which he frequently satirizes with infinite pleasantry and humour.

His reading seems to have been universal; though not more extensive than his knowledge of men, manners, and

opinions. He was a great punſter, and though his jokes are ſometimes low, they are peculiar and ingenious, bearing ſtrong marks of originality. It muſt be confeſſed, indeed, that he is frequently indelicate, but I hope the reader will perceive, that I have carefully cleanſed the *Augæan* ſtable.

His language is verboſe, and his meaning frequently obſcure; however, I have endeavoured to render him familiar; and indeed, that was all I aimed at by this publication. I have expunged ſuch notes as I thought trifling, or from their alluſion to things totally forgotten, incapable of being rendered intelligent to the preſent age; and have taken the liberty of enlarging ſuch as I imagined were deſerving of improvement; with the addition of a few new ones.

The reader may probably expect that theſe notes are critical, and tend either to cenſure, or elucidate the celebrated hiſtory

hiſtory of *Don Quixote*. Should this be the caſe, his expectation will be diſappointed; for they are principally, nothing more, than entertaining and witty remarks, on various paſſages; and incidents in that hiſtory; frequently illuſtrated by laughable ſtories, ſimilar to thoſe incidents.

The book was originally printed in a ſmall folio, and, I believe, never underwent a ſecond edition; nor, do I imagine, that many of them are now extant. Whatever may be thought of this attempt, to reſtore an author, almoſt ſunk into oblivion, it is hoped, at leaſt, that it will not be conſidered in a ridiculous light; or, meet with the ſeverity of unjuſt cenſure. We have a kind of veneration for the works of our forefathers; and I am greatly miſtaken, if he is not an Author worthy preſervation. The editor, therefore, hopes, that the reader, and the critics, will do him that juſtice he is intitled to; more his vanity does not lead him to expect, but,

In

In tenui labor. I ſhould here take leave of the reader, were it not neceſſary, to take notice of a paſſage in the *Critical Reviewers* remarks on the firſt edition of this work.*

In their comment on the preface, they ſay, "We muſt, in juſtice to the editor, "acknowledge this to be a very fair "account of his publication. Mr. "*Gayton* appears to have been a great "punſter, and to have been well fur-"niſhed with common-place ſtories. "After all, as we never had the happi-"neſs of ſeeing the original publication, "we cannot pronounce any thing poſi-"tively, as to the editor's fidelity; but "ſome anachroniſms make us queſtion "it. Mention is made more than once, "of the Royal Society, and the Philo-"ſophical Tranſactions, neither of which "had any exiſtence in 1654; and even "Sally Saliſbury, a noted courtezan in

* See the Review for Sept. 1768.

"the

"the reign of George the first, is coupled with Jane Shore. Mr. Holland, "the player, is introduced in the part "of *Bajazet*, in Tamerlane; and *Pyrrhus*, in the Distrest Mother; nor are "Elizabeth Canning, nor the Cock-"Lane ghost forgot."

In answer to this, the editor, in justice to himself, begs leave to observe, that where he enlarged the notes, he did not think it improper, to allude to incidents, and occurrences, of a later date than those recorded by Mr. *Gayton*, in the original work. And it was imagined, the authenticity of its being originally written and published by Mr. *Gayton*, in 1654, would have been indisputable, as it was mentioned in the preface to the first edition, that the book was frequently quoted by Dr. *Grey*, in his notes on *Hudibras*; to which work, they are refered, should they still suspect the editor's fidelity.

J. P.

N. B. The

N. B. The texts are taken from the third edition, in twelves, of Dr. *Smollett*'s tranſlation; and are numbered. The firſt, refers to the page in *Smollett*'s, from whence they are taken; the ſecond, to the page where the ſame paſſage may be found in Mr. *Jarvis*'s tranſlation, edition 4th; not but the texts may be eaſily found in *Motteux*, &c. &c. ſo that this book is a neceſſary fifth volume, to all the tranſlations of *Don Quixote*; and being printed in the ſame ſize, with all the editions of that work in twelves, may be bound with it. As there was no index to the original, the editor thought it neceſſary to add one, in order to aſſiſt the reader, in the more readily finding the many ſtories, and curious paſſages in this book.

The

The Substance of Mr. GAYTON'S *original*

INTRODUCTION.

READER,

BOOKS of Knight-errantry, like the Knights themselves, expect entertainment wherever they come. *Don Quixote* imagined he obliged every place that received him, and thought his landlords indebted to him for his acceptance of their courtesies. His stay was not long in a place, and his pay the sport he made. The castle had its security for a reckoning, and protection for the bill of fare. His hosts were created constables, his hostesses countesses, and their daughters ladies, for the benevolence of night-caps and slippers: ostlers were dubbed grooms, boot-catchers squires, and tapsters yeomen of the cellar. Thus by acts of grace, and conferring honours, he defrayed the expences of travelling.

He adventures now, as heretofore, with the same confidence of welcome. A known

known guest need not invitation; reception is all he expects; look but *pleasantly*, and *smile* upon him, it is the only feast he desires. But *Sancho Panza* is more humble and solicitous for favours: he begs to be tossed from *hand to hand*; and will be very thankful if you will put him in your *pocket*. His ass is for every one to ride, the more the merrier; if you give him stable room it is well, he wants not provender.

FESTIVOUS

FESTIVOUS NOTES ON THE HISTORY and ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE.

PART I. BOOK I. CHAP. I.

TEXT.

In a certain corner of La Mancha, the name of which I do not choose to remember.) Page 1.—1.

WHY *Cervantes* (the celebrated author of this history) purposely omitted the name of the place where this Knight of famous memory lived, is easily understood; for by this artful omission, he gave those gentlemen who are curious about trifles, an important subject for enquiry and disputation. The place of Homer's birth is still a challenge upon record; and the head of Nile being undiscovered, has puzzled many a one to find it out.

There lately lived one of those country gentlemen, who adorn their halls with a rusty lance and worm-eaten target.) P. 1.—1.

This description agrees with the custom of decorating halls in ancient mansion-houses in this country, some centuries ago, where the armour of our valiant ancestors made a most terrific and tremendous appearance, and inspired the rising generation with a love and esteem for deeds of heroism; at the same time that it commanded respect from ignorance and vulgar minds, who considered it as a kind of witchcraft, and dangerous even to be touched; like the scaffolds on the ancient church of St. Paul, which were left for a long time monumentally standing, before any one would venture to take them down.

He maintained a female house-keeper turned of forty, a niece of about half that age, and a trusty young fellow.) P. 3.—2.

The Don's family was like that in Noah's ark, two and two, male and female. But we do not read that he ever augmented the number, and that is wonderful, since it is imagined he was but one remove from the Austrian family; or at least, of the race of the Jews, as appears by his *errantry* (which word is by some interpreted *wandering)* and it was, and yet is, lawful for them to match within their tribes.

An

An early riſer, and in point of exerciſe another Nimrod,) P. 3.—2.

The learned in *natural* philoſophy, have imagined the Don's great continence and chaſtity was owing to his early riſing and fondneſs for hunting. He was a dedicated vaſſal to Diana.

Otia ſi tollas periere Cupidinis arcus.

Hunting ſpears and javelins, are not of Cupid's quiver.

He ſold many good acres of Terra-Firma, to purchaſe books of knight-errantry) P. 3.—2.

So he made his lands *errant* before himſelf, and dubbed his acres firſt; what he did afterwards was in *purſuance* of his lands, which went before, hoping by theſe means to make himſelf a *wiſe-acre*. However, let not the Engliſh reader laugh at the Spaniard. The Don's paſſion for *knight-errantry* was not more ridiculous than our countrymens infatuation with the bubble of *Alchymy*. If *Quixote* ſold his lands to purchaſe books of *Chivalry*, we have ſold our eſtates, and beggared poſterity, in our fruitleſs reſearches after the *Philoſopher's Stone*. What quantities of gold have been fired? out of whoſe aſhes the young *Phœnix* never yet took her flight! And here

 I cannot

I cannot avoid remarking, that though no author ever excelled the inimitable ſatire of *Cervantes*, on the madneſs and folly of his countrymen, in their abſurd paſſion of *knight-errantry*, yet, I think it will be acknowledged, that the celebrated *Ben Johnſon*, with equal merit, and equal ſucceſs, finely ridiculed and expoſed the folly and roguery of the pretenders to *Alchymy* in his days: Nor do I know which is moſt laughable, *Don Quixote's* encountering the *wind-mill*, or *Sir Epicure Mammon's* credulity and pleaſurable enjoyment of the lies impoſed on him by *Subtle* and *Face* *.

He could not comprehend the probability of thoſe direful wounds, given and received by Don Bellianis.) P. 4.—3.

Quixote did not appear to be ſo deeply affected with the account of the blows which *Bellianis* gave and took, as a poor *Butcher* of our country was, who being at the repreſentation of a play called *The Greeks and Trojans*, and ſeeing *Hector* overpowered by *myrmidons*, leaped upon the ſtage, and with his bludgeon took the *Trojans* part ſo valiantly, that he routed the *Greeks*, and abuſed them for a company of cowardly ſlaves, to aſſault one man with ſo much odds; and then took ſuch

* See the Alchymiſt, a Comedy, by B. Johnſon.

a fancy

a fancy to *Hector*, that for a long time he could not obtain leave to be killed, that the play might go on; for the vanquiſhed *myrmidons* would not venture to enter again, till *Hector* prevailed on his unexpected ſecond to quit the ſtage, and return to his ſeat from whence he came.

Divers and obſtinate were the diſputes he maintained againſt the parſon of the pariſh (a man of ſome learning, who had taken his degrees at Siguenza) on that puzzling queſtion, whether Palmerin of England, or Amadis de Gaul, was the moſt illuſtrious knight-errant?) P. 4.—3.

The beſt comment on the Don's ridiculous diſputes with the parſon, is the following ſtory:

As two *Oxonians* were walking together, complaining bitterly of their want of money, one of them ſtarted a ſuppoſition; "If we "ſhould find a purſe of gold," ſays he, "how "ſhall we divide it?" They were, you are to underſtand, of different degrees, one maſter of arts, the other only batchelor of arts. The maſter, like the *lion* in the *fable*, inſiſted on having the greateſt part. The other ſaid no, *ſimul occupantes æquè dividentes.* The maſter would not give up his privilege of ſeniority; the batchelor inſiſted on his title to half. The diſpute grew high, and at

laſt ended in an obſtinate battle. When they were heartily tired with the blows they had given each other, they deſiſted, and began to examine minutely into the ground of their quarrel; and when they came to underſtand that it was only about the diviſion of a purſe of gold not yet found, they ſhook hands and were friends, and returned home very lovingly to college.

He obſerved that Cid Ruydias was an excellent Knight; but not equal to the Lord of the Flaming-Sword, who, with one back-ſtroke, had cut two fierce and monſtrous giants through the middle. P. 5.—4.

But what would the Don have ſaid, had he known ſome of our *Britiſh* adventurers? the Knight of the *ſpouting-peſtle*; or the Knight of the *burning-peſtle*, who carried all the ladies before him; or *Bevis* of *Southampton*; *Guy* earl of *Warwick*, or that *cripple-errant* of famous memory, who ſtole the golden weather-cock from *Paul*'s ſteeple. This was the *higheſt* piece of deſperate valour ever attempted; but his piety is as notorious as his ſacrilege, for with the ſame weather-cock he built the church, which to this day retains his name.

Accordingly

Accordingly, after having chosen, rejected, amended, tortured, and revolved a world of names in his imagination, he fixed upon Rozinante.) P. 7.—6.

This is a proof, undoubtedly, that *Quixote* was no inconsiderable scholar. He chose by figure to name his *Bucephalus*; and by a *hysteron proteron* (or, as we say in English, putting the *cart* before the *horse*) he succeeded very happily in the title, which in English does not sound so pompously as in Spanish; not but it will do indifferently well; *Latpackasad* being in sense the same, though not in sound, with *Rozinante*.

He determined to call her Dulcinea del Toboso, she being a native of that place.) P. 9.—8.

Aldonza Lorenco strangely anagrammatized! Therefore, *in contemptum anagrammaticorum*, *Dulcinea del Toboso*, stands for *Aldonza Lorenco*. As the *French* never regard the quantity of syllables, so the *Spaniards* pay little attention to the transposition of letters; which brings to remembrance the following short story:

Don Gondamore (who was *Quixote*'s countryman) was talking in the *Latin* tongue to king *James*, who spoke Latin very correctly. *Gondamore* spoke it so badly, that the king desired him to spare *Priscian*'s head for the future.

future. The Don replied, "May it pleaſe "your majeſty, I ſpeak *Latin* free, and with-"out rule, but you ſpeak it like a ſchool-"maſter."

CHAP. II.

He recollected that he had never been knighted. P. 10.—8.

THIS was a terrible ſtroke, and enough to have cruſhed our cock of the game in the egg. In this direful dilemma, it would have been happy for the Don (and much to the advantage of thoſe editions of his hiſtory which have cuts) if it had entered into his head to have fallen on his knees to *Rozinante* (who formerly was a horſe of goodly carriage;) the brute could have done no leſs than bounded immediately, and laid his hoofs upon his maſter's helmet, which would have done the buſineſs; and the Don for ever after might have ſtiled himſelf of the *Equeſtrian* order of knight-hood.

With reſpect to the white armour. P. 10.—9.

One misfortune ſeldom comes alone. Once out, ever out. Before the Don was able to extricate himſelf from his firſt difficulty, viz. *his not having been knighted*, up ſtarts a ſecond as perplexing as the other; this was the want

want of *white armour!* Happy would it have been, if a chalk-hill had been near; it would have whitened him and *Rozinante* into the bargain.

The firſt Knights that ever were heard of in white armour, and on white horſes, were (as I take it) *Caſtor* and *Pollux*; who, though they never ſhine together in the Heavens, yet in one great battle, wherein the *Romans* got the victory, they were diſcovered to come into the field, and do wonderful execution, and then vaniſh to their orbs in the Heavens: And ever ſince, thoſe *mares* that ſaw their *white horſes*, have had colts with *ſtars* in their foreheads. This is a ſecret piece of natural hiſtory never publiſhed before, and well worthy the conſideration of that learned and reſpectable body of men, the *Royal Society*; nay, I think the leaſt they can do, is to admit me a member for this piece of intelligence, and dignify my name with thoſe honourable letters F. R. S.

Theſe, and other ſuch rhapſodies, he ſtrung together.) P. 12.—10.

Theſe kind of ſoliloquies, or ſelf-diſcourſes, are every where to be met with, though they are more generally ſeen than heard. What man do you meet alone, but if he is thoughtful, his eyes, lips, and hands, go as faſt as his

his feet? Were we to obſerve the ſeveral poſtures of paſſengers in the ſtreets, we might, after a little attention, know moſt mens thoughts by the motion of their lips, and diſcover their intentions by the ſigns in their faces. Such agreeable indications every face doth betray, that in ſpight of the verſe we may ſay, *fronti ſumma fides*, every man's paſſions are written on his forehead; and if the fair-ſex did not envelope their beautiful faces ſo much as they do, with the ornaments of their head-dreſs, much more might be known than they would willingly have diſcovered.

Recorded in the annals of La Mancha. P. 12.—11.

The annals of the *Mancha*, are in as large a folio as thoſe of *Gotham*, and are kept in very ſafe cuſtody; few travellers having ſeen them, that ever I heard of. A ſight of them is eſteemed a great favour, and is obtained with difficulty now, unleſs you are recommended by ſome great perſonage, or produce certificates from the family of *we* be *three*, who are of the *quorum* always.

He decried, not far from the road, an inn, which he looked upon as the ſtar that would guide him to the porch, if not the palace, of his redemption:

demption: In this hope he put ſpurs to his horſe, and juſt in the twilight reached the gate, where, at that time, there happened to be two ladies of the game, who being on their journey to Seville, with the carriers, had chanced to take up their night's lodging in this place.) P. 12.—11.

Though our Don was not yet created a knight-errant, it is more than probable theſe females were *lady-errants*, and had devices in their targets, for very different adventures than ever entered into his head. Had the Don's foreſight been as quick as *Rozinante*'s, he might have ſeen at a mile's diſtance, that they were a couple of over-ridden hackneys.

Their ſtanding at the inn door, was a ſign of themſelves as well as the houſe; and that though they were bound for *Seville*, that their behaviour was not ſuch.

He drew bridle, and ſtopt Rozinante. P. 13.—11.

The horſe was eager to go on, which ſhews, that a beaſt knows when he is weary or hungry, better than his rider. Theſe voluntary offerings to approach the inn door, were natural ſymptoms in the creature of an appetite, or longing for limb-eaſe and tooth-motion. He was for a *way* bit, and not a *bit* of *way* more. Whereupon, the *Don* apprehended

prehended *Rozinante*'s intention (for knight-errants do, or ſhould, underſtand all languages, whether vocal or natural) and taking pity on the croakings of his empty guts, to which his own ſympathetically anſwered, he ſpurred up to the inn door; which item *Rozinante* took the more patiently, as he was within the comfortable ſmell of provender. But, O miſchance! juſt as the poor beaſt expected to arrive at the goal of his happineſs, a curſed ſwineherd, who, in a field hard by was tending a drove of hogs, chanced to blow his horn, in order to collect his ſcattered ſubjects: This was an unlucky circumſtance to *Rozinante*, for his maſter imagined it to be the ſound of a trumpet from the battlements of the caſtle (for ſuch he ſuppoſed the inn was) to welcome his arrival; and ſeeing the damſels run away on his approach, he did not venture to diſmount and go in, till he had firſt made a ſpeech, in which he deſired them not to be apprehenſive of danger, and profeſſed a great friendſhip for them, though he had never ſeen them before. This ſpeech poor *Rozinante* was forced to hear, before he could be conducted to a ſtable, though it came from a head as empty as his own belly.

But

But Don Quixote guessing their terror by their flight, lifted up his paste-board vizard, and discovering his meagre lanthorn jaws, besmeared with dust.) P. 13.—12.

This soldier-like visage of the Don's brought the ladies to a stand. *Venus* did not so much despise *Vulcan* for his lame leg, as she was enamoured with *Mars* for his manlike countenance; which brings to remembrance, the smart reply of a lady, whose opinion was asked concerning a very beautiful young gentleman, and particularly how she liked his face; to which she answered, "what signifies the face? a *Venus*'s face, and "*Mars*'s valour, never met together in the same person."

And the valour of this arm testify the desire I feel of being your slave.) P. 16.—14.

The valour of his arm, was not the offering the damsels expected he would have made them; but being disappointed, they were determined to sport with him, as he was not inclined to sport with them.

CHAP. III.

Harraſſed by this reflection, he abridged his ſorry meal.) P. 18.—16.

AURÆ ſacra fames. What will not the thirſt of honour make a man forego? Here it almoſt made *Quixote* loſe his ſhare of the *Poor-John.* So many a noble *duke Humphryan* (for honour-ſake, merely becauſe he would not beg) has manfully walked in St. James's Park, from twelve to three, in contempt of three-penny ordinaries; wondering at the gluttony of the age, and ſcheming ſo to habituate nature, that by degrees, ſhe might need no other ſuſtenance than the *Camælion.* But the greateſt wits of every age have generally been very ſlender feeders, or rather have had but ſlender fare to feed on.

The inn-keeper hearing ſuch diſcourſe proceed from the mouth of his gueſt, who kneeled before him, was aſtoniſhed.) P. 18.—16.

Pride, ſometime or other, will have a fall. Theſe high thoughts of the *Don*'s, brought him on his knees, but very probably on an eaſy cuſhion, for it was in the ſtable. It was well the *Don* was the votary, and mine *Hoſt* the idol; for had the latter been on his knees, not all the horſes in the ſtable would have been able to have drawn him up again; for

for the hiſtory informs us, that he was not a little over-burdened with an unwieldly belly. The integrity of the hiſtorian has been greatly ſuſpected, as to the circumſtance of mine hoſt's bulk; for moſt travellers have declared, that a fat man in *Spain* is ſeldom, if ever, met with. But as this hiſtory has ſtood the teſt of ages, I am willing to acquit *Cervantes* of the imputation of falſehood; and, indeed, it is my duty to do ſo, when I conſider myſelf a commentator. I therefore would obſerve to the curious reader, that as mine hoſt was a *commark* of *St. Lucar*'s, and as great a thief as *Cacus* (for ſo we are told by *Cervantes*) his magnitude is not to be wondered at, eſpecially if we ſuppoſe that he pilfered for the belly, and not like the ſon of *Vulcan*, ſtole cattle; and in my opinion, it is as eaſy to ſuppoſe this, as any thing elſe.

The landlord, who, as we have already obſerved, was a ſort of a wag. P. 19.—16.

It is common for landlords to be knaviſhly witty; their wit being a kind of cloak for their roguery. We paſs over an impoſition in the reckoning more eaſily, when we reflect on the humour of the hoſt. There is a kind of letchery in neat and ingenious cozenage: It frequently meets with applauſe, and ſometimes finds mercy even before a

judge! Whoever has travelled much, muſt have remarked, that, every maſter of an inn is always of the ſame temper with his gueſt. If you are a knight-errant, ſo is he; if you are a gentleman, ſo is he; or the ſon of a gentleman; if you are a ſoldier, he loves a ſoldier, and very probably was one: In ſhort, they are the verrieſt apes in the world, and generally *bonii ſocii*, and very *ſoſias*; like gueſts, like landlord.

The hoſt, would in the morning, with God's permiſſion, perform all the other ceremonies required.) P. 20.—18.

It is concluded that the Don ſhall be dubbed a Knight, and the time fixed. This order of Knight-errantry, is very ancient. When there were but three perſons in the world, one was of the order. For after Cain had killed his brother Abel, he became a fugitive, and a vagabond over the whole earth; a larger extent than *Quixote*'s peregrinations.

The inn-keeper aſſured him that he was very much miſtaken.) P. 20.—18.

When mine hoſt found that the Don had no money about him, like moſt other landlords, he diſcovered himſelf to be of that wiſe and provident houſe of the *Jagas*; where this maxim is intailed upon the family, not

to

to be cut off under an *anathema* of the prime parent. *My ſon, put money in thy purſe*, is a good adage for moſt men, eſpecially travellers, and more ſo for *horſemen*, as many, for want of paying reſpect to this frugal principle, have been reduced to *footmen*, and have left their horſes behind them, where their heads have ſwelled a great deal bigger than their bodies; or at leaſt, till they could not be brought out at the door of the ſtable.

A ſmall box of ointment to cure the wounds they might receive in the courſe of their adventures. P. 21.—18.

It is imagined that the *ſword-ſalve*, or *unguentum armarium*, was invented by theſe Knight-errants, who having neither money, friends, or wit (except what was imaginary) and frequently meeting with obſtinate landlords, who broke their heads for the non-payment of their reckonings; they wiſely contrived this ſubtle cure, and anointed their ſwords with it prior to an engagement; ſo that a wound and a remedy came with the ſame ſtroke, if happily their antagoniſts were poſſeſt of this miraculous balſam of balſams.

Carrying bags was not much for the honour of Knight-errantry.) P. 21.—19.

This quaint device of the wallet, has been put in practice in more plentiful countries

than that of the Don's. Many covetous gentlemen have in this manner conveyed provender for themſelves and their horſes too; and for the ſake of diſpatch, have made choice of a graſs-plat for a baiting place, where one table ſerved the rational and irrational creatures, without the leaſt diſtinction or reſerve.

But the wiſeſt ſcheme in the world is ſometimes overthrown by a trifling blunder. So it once happened to a Knight of the Wallet, who being obliged, contrary to inclination, to bait at an inn, his provender being exhauſted (for the device of the wallet is but a ſhift for a day) he ordered his ſervant to put up the remains of ſome mutton for a future feaſt, taking it for granted that he muſt pay for what they had not ate, as well as for what they had ate; whereupon the over-provident ſlave, thinking to oblige his maſter in a high degree, put the ſoup into the cloak-bag, as well as the meat, and ſo made a full adage of parſimony. The proverb was here finely verſified, which ſays, *all covet, all loſe.*

And thereupon received orders to watch his armour, in a large court, on one ſide of the inn.) P. 22.—19.

The *Don* became *dragon* to his own arms; though he was more like a *dragon* in them, than

than out of them; and to ſay the truth, he was in this ſituation, not unlike *St. George* and the *dragon* too. What cannot poets and painters do?

——————— *If Homer wou'd,*
Hellen had been a hag, and Troy had ſtood.

And now, reader, before we go any further, accept of a ſtory.

An inn-keeper once bargained with a painter for a ſign, which was to be that of *St. George* and the *dragon*; but moſt earneſtly and often (even to the interruption of the work) begged the painter to be mindful, and draw the *dragon* with a moſt *killing* countenance; and being perpetually renewing this requeſt, the painter became provoked, and ſaid to mine hoſt, "be quiet, and leave your "counſel, or the devil take my wife, if I "do not make the *dragon* kill *St. George*;" which ſo frightened the poor landlord, that he took to his heels, and ran away faſter than he would have done, if the *dragon* had been behind him.

With his eyes fixed upon his armour.) P. 22.—19.

Such kind of looks, probably, did *Ajax* caſt upon the armour of *Achilles*. And the Don's

Don's ſpeech to the carrier, when he approached the ciſtern to water his mules, was not unlike what *Ulyſſes* made before the aſſembled *Greeks.* It has been a matter of great wonder, that the Don did not honour his arms with a ſpeech, or ſome pious ejaculation, before he began his watch over them. *Cervantes* ſeems to have hurried over this part of the hiſtory too precipitately. Taking it for granted, therefore, that there is ſomething left out touching this matter, I ſhall fill up the *hiatus* with a ſpeech, which the reader may (if he pleaſes) ſuppoſe the Don to have made, when he firſt laid his arms upon the ciſtern.

Moſt great and venerable arms, lye there!
Alaſs! how happy would it prove for me,
Did my poor deeds but equal your reſplendence.
It cannot be the moon which ſhines ſo bright?
O, no—— it is the glory you reflect;
By whoſe refulgence, lo! I envied walk
(Stranger to fear) as in the blaze of day!
You on a ſacred altar now repoſe:
O may you ſleep in peace! I am your prieſt,
And be aſſured, by me you are ſanctified.
Whoever does approach your ſhrine too near,
Shall meet reſentment, and my dire revenge;
For you are dear, as well as near, to me.

When

When you my body compaſs round about,
I then become to dangers more than proof:
Secure in you, I am invulnerable!
Nor dread I ought from fiends or giants wrath.
Now you are off, you are ſecure in me.
On you, depends my more than mortal fate;
None ſhall profane the altar where you reſt:
Forewarned, forearmed—who dares intrude ſhall die.

He quitted his target, and raiſing his lance with both hands, beſtowed it with ſuch good will upon the carrier's head, that he fell proſtrate on the ground, ſo effectually mauled, that, had the blow been repeated, there would have been no occaſion to call a ſurgeon) P. 23.—20.

The Don was ſucceſsful in this enterprize, and like *Cæſar* came and overcame. Though the place of the defeat was rather ignoble, it being (as we may ſay) in the *horſe-trough*; yet the manner of the ſally was gallant, for it was upon a full *career*. There lay the poor carrier, a monument of deſperate unwarineſs, flat upon the ground; where alſo lay the Don's *noli me tangere*, which he took up, not much unlike *Æneas* frighted.

Arma amens cepit, nec ſat rationis in Armis.

It

It was not long before another carrier, not knowing what had happened to his companion.) P. 23.—20.

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum. It is neceſſary for all profeſſions to have a little ſmack in the *accedens.* But the carriers were like their mules, not eaſily put out of their way. The ſecond ſhared the ſame fate as the firſt. Great honour in this encounter was done to *Dulcinea*, who twice provoked, twice was propitious to her votary and lord.

The companions of the wounded ſeeing how their friends had been handled, began, at a diſtance, to diſcharge a ſhower of ſtones upon the Knight, who, as well as he could, ſheltered himſelf under his ſhield. P. 24.—21.

Ne Hercules contra duos. The Don out did the proverb, and was an *Hyper-Hercules*; for I do not remember, of all the labours of *Hercules*, that he ever encountered a ſhower of hail-ſtones. Here *Quixote* ſhewed undaunted courage, and extraordinary activity. Bearing his target on the end of his javelin, he ſheltered himſelf very dexterouſly, and encountered the ſtones, which flew about his ears as thick as *atoms.*

As

As they are prescribed in the ceremonial of the order.) P. 25.—22.

The installation, or rather instablation, of this *knight-errant*, differed widely from the ceremony of the Knights of the *Garter*, the *Golden Fleece*, or those of *Malta*. The Don, indeed, might have been *installed*, as it was so near to the *stable*. This creation of the *Don*'s, resembled those of the *Ranters* and *Hectors* of old, as the wenches attended; for their rites and customs were never fully executed, without the assistance of ladies, for *carnelevation*.

Muttering all the time between his teeth, as if he had been employed in some fervent ejaculation.) P. 25.—23.

I wonder the words of consecration were not expressed in the history: But it is probable, the host could not read in any book but that in which he kept the account of his provender. If the host had been honest, and kept his book literally just, *Rozinante* was certainly dubbed at the same time with his master. However, when we recollect the canonization of *Raviliack*'s dagger; or, the benediction of *Faulks*'s dark lanthorn, it must be allowed, that these *ultra-marine* ceremonies were extraordinary and singular. The creation

creation being over, the ladies expected (as is usual) some recreation, and thought they had a right to be more nominally dubbed; but the Don's impatience to sally forth, made him rather remiss in his civility; however, the carriers supplied the Don's want of courtesy, not having exhausted all their courage in the late engagement.

CHAP. IV.

But remembering his landlord's advice, with regard to the necessaries he ought to carry along with him, in particular the money and clean shirts, he resolved to return to his own house, and furnish himself, not only with these, but also with a Squire P. 27.—24.

VERBUM sapiento satum. Application is the life of doctrine: Wherefore the Don (not such a fool as some have imagined) faced about, and determined to go home; for though he had never heard of the reply made to *King James* *, yet no doubt his apprehensive soul had found out, that there was somewhat warmer than two shirts. After much

* This hints at a story of King James, who said, in cold weather, "By my soul, there is nothing "warmer than *two* shirts;" but was answered, that *three* were.

deli-

deliberation (which is beſt before great reſolves) he concluded, it would be beſt to provide himſelf with money and linen, for the uſe of travelling; which prudent reſolution pleaſed *Rozinante,* who tript merrily homewards, hoping to meet with better proviſion than picking a *common* ſallad, and grazing gratis like geeſe.

And having entered the wood a few paces, he found a mare tied to one oak, and a lad about fifteen, naked from the waiſt upwards, made faſt to another.) P. 28.—25.

If *Rozinante* had not been a gelding, or ſtallion ſuper-annuate, he might have committed a piece of horſe-errantry, which would have exalted the *Don,* and doubtleſs have cauſed a new frontiſpiece to the hiſtory, in which his maſter might have been *cut* a ſtory higher. A brewer's horſe (in old times) performing an act of grace of this ſort, firſt gave riſe to the tilting of beer.

The Don's views (if he really had any) were more charitable; he meant to take pity on the boy, whoſe mercileſs maſter had tied him to the oak, in order to chaſtiſe his negligence. But when he attempted to ſettle the account of wages between them, he was

rather an unfit umpire, conſidering how he had quitted ſcores with his hoſt.

And thus was the grievance redreſſed by the valiant Don Quixote, who tranſported with the ſucceſs, &c.) P. 31.—28.

The Don was tranſported, with having, as he thought, releaſed the boy from a flogging bout; and no ſooner was his back turned, but the boy was alſo tranſported to the oak again, where he underwent a ſecond, and ſeverer puniſhment. Had a painter been on the ſpot, to have drawn the faces of the *Don* and the *boy*, they would have made no bad portraits of *Democritus* and *Heraclitus*; but *dicitur infectâ re rediiſſe donum*. The Don's imaginary happineſs and exultation, was like the man who fell aſleep in the empty theatre, and dreaming of the paſſages in the play, ſtampt, laughed, clapped, and hiſſed, as if the actors were really on the ſtage: *Vacuo ſeſſor plauſorque theatro*.

He found himſelf in a road that divided into four paths, and ſtrait his imagination ſuggeſted thoſe croſs-ways that were wont to perplex knight-errants in their choice.) P. 32.—29.

We knew before, that the Don was neither overwiſe, weatherwiſe, or penny-wiſe, and

and we now find he was not way-wise; though in this quadry-way, a more valiant man might have been at a stand, for here was four to one.

Let the whole universe cease to move, if the whole universe refuses to confess, that there is not in the whole universe, a more beautiful damsel than the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the high and mighty empress of La Mancha. P. 33.—29.

This is the first challenge and proclamation of the lady's beauty. The Don will be here found a *cryer* in good earnest. It was a piece of madness in him, to proclaim her beauty and excellence to a company of merchants; for they are a sort of gentry, who generally carry money in their pockets, to purchase what they have a mind for: They are too absolute, to be content with only idolizing their *enamoratas*. Go no farther than *Gyges*, for the *naked* truth of this.

The importance of my demand consists in your believing, acknowledging, affirming upon oath, and defending her beauty before you have seen it. P. 33.—30.

Most legally inforced. To have, hold, occupy, and enjoy, &c. lawyer like. But if the *Toledo* merchants were as knowing as

thoſe of *London*, they doubtleſs wanted to ſee the commodity before they purchaſed. They were not for a pig in a poke; two words to the bargain. *Ignoti nulla cupido.* Give me the merchants judgments, not their leavings. But the Don was at his *ſic volo, ſic jubeo*; *Dulcinea* muſt be adored at all events; and doubtleſs, if the merchants had been bleſſed with a ſight of her, they would have fell on their knees; not to worſhip her, but in undiſſembled prayer, to have begged of heaven for deliverance from ſuch a ſight for ever after.

Replied Don Quixote in a rage. P. 34.—31.

The concluſion of the merchant's ſpeech left ſuch a *ſting* in the tail, that the Don was *nettled*; and had *Rozinante*'s courage been equal to his maſter's, the merchants would doubtleſs have paid very dearly for their joking. But, O dire misfortune! he ſpurred his *Bucephalus* ſo violently, that the beaſt, in endeavouring to make an effort beyond his ſtrength, found himſelf unequal to the taſk, and therefore made a vigorous——tumble; not only of himſelf, but his maſter, whoſe fall was neither ſo great, nor yet ſo *glorious*, as *Phæton*'s, for when he fell, the world was on *fire*. Floundering on the ground he lay,

groping

groping like *Polypheme* without his eye. Happy would it have been, if, like *Ulyſſes*, he could have hid himſelf amongſt the *muttons*, he then might have ſlept in a whole ſkin; not but his ſkin was *hole-ly*, before the merchants mule-driver had half vented his paſſion on him.

CHAP. V.

He was fain to have recourſe to his uſual remedy, which was to amuſe his imagination with ſome paſſages of the books he had read; and his madneſs immediately recalled to his memory that of Valdovinos, and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded on the mountain.) P. 35.—33.

THIS poetical refuge of the Don's, was not ſo ridiculous as many have imagined, eſpecially as it was the only one he could take. It has been frequently thought a piece of phyſical wiſdom, to evaporate grief, by ſhaking the *diaphragma*; or, in other words, ſtorming one paſſion with another. He endeavoured to relieve his mind from the recollection of a *dry baſting*, by imagining it an honourable defeat, atchieved in the purſuance of ſome heroic deſign; and the miſcarriage, as well as his bruiſes, he attributed to the

fault and failure of his horſe. It was enough to have damped his high ſpirits, and to have extinguiſhed this infant hiſtory, if he too ſenſibly, or too literally, had commented on the *baſtinado*. The loſs of his lance was a terrible ſtroke, it muſt be confeſſed; and though it only ſtuck emblematically on his ſides, yet the fractures went to his heart. He that hath read *Seneca*, or *Boethius*, is well provided againſt any ordinary misfortune; and to have by heart the ſtory of *Argalus* and *Parthenia*; the dolorous madrigals of old *Plangus* in the *Arcadia*; or the hiſtory of *Pyramus* and *Thiſbe*, is a never failing remedy for the *mubble-fubbles:* For to be acquainted with ſadneſs, beſets familiarity, and familiars never kill one another, unleſs the devil is in them.

Sedatur lachrymis, egeriturque dolor.

Signor Quixada, ſaid he (for ſo he was called before he had loſt his ſenſes.) P. 37.—34.

It would have been an unutterable affliction to have anſwered to that name, and to have returned to himſelf again. The trance of a drunken cobler, who dreamed he was a lord, was not to be ſhaken off, but with the loſs of life: When he came to be recobblered, he was never his own man again.

To

To return to his leather apron, waxed fingers, and whiſtling to his black-bird, after ſuch a lordly dream, put him to his *pol me occidiſtis amici*. When coblers ſpeak Latin, they have ſome *ends*.

Non ſervaſtis (ait) cui ſit extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.

He then raiſed him upon his legs, and with infinite difficulty mounted him upon his own beaſt) P. 37.—34.

One creature is ready to help another; though, *homo homini lupus*. The peaſant's aſs (though by nature *aurite*) was never ſo prick-eared before, as when he heared the *Don* repeat the brave ſpeech of the captive *Abencerraje*. He was ſo bruiſed by the *mule-driver* when he lay on the ground, that he was ſpoiled for a ſtar-gazer; and was obliged to lay upon his belly on the beaſt, not being able to ſit upright; and in this ſituation, he was ſomething like his great brother *Antœus*, who always became refreſhed by ſmelling to his mother *earth*.

When he arrived, the curate and the barber of the village, two of his beſt friends and companions, were preſent, and his houſe-keeper was juſt ſaying, with a woeful countenance, ſome miſ-

fortune

fortune muſt certainly have happened to my maſter.) P. 38.—35.

Of this good old wife *Pyrrha*, mention has been made before. She could ſee loſt pins, threadle a needle, and read without ſpectacles: She was one who had had her day, and knew what was what. She had been acquainted with the Don's father, and remembered the firſt time he ſmiled in his mother's face; and preſerved a piece of the groaning cake, which ſhe kept religiouſly with her *Good-Friday bun*, full forty * years unmouldy and unmouſe-eaten. Now, that ever-wiſe woman ſhould ſee her maſter come to this, to run a wooll-gathering.

---

* I have preſerved this Note, but think *Mr. Gayton* blundered here, or like *Homer*, nodded and forgot himſelf; for *Cervantes* tells us, that the houſe-keeper was only turned of *forty*, and that the *Don* himſelf bordered upon *fifty*; how then could ſhe have known him an infant, when he firſt ſmiled in his mother's face?

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

While the Knight was aſleep, his friends came, and demanded of his niece the key of the cloſet, in which thoſe books, the authors of his misfortune, were kept.) P. 42.—38.

This chapter (like that of a pedigree) is full of hard names. To paſs it over in ſilence, would be unworthy of a commentator, and treating it like words in parentheſis, as well out, as in; or like many words in our Latin Dictionaries, which not being underſtood by the tranſlators, are ſaid to be the names of *places*, *perſons*, *plants*, *birds*, *beaſts*, and *fiſh!* But, this being a critical piece, and a cenſure of the moſt noble authors of errantry, as, alſo, a final condemnation of ſome of them to *Vulcan*, we muſt not *ex fulgore dare fumum*, give a ſnuff for a flaming taper. We therefore lament this *incendium trojæ*, this firing of the famous library, though not in ſuch high terms as he for *Maro*'s cried out——

——————Ergò ibit in ignes
Stultaque vaniloqui Flagrabit Muſa Queſadæ.

Which verſes were made upon a ſimilar misfortune, when the *annals* of the famous city of *Madrid* were all burnt to aſhes, in the general

neral conflagration of *Father Benjamin*'s * ſtudy; which contained the acts of chivalry of the twenty-four ſingle *Signiora*'s combats of the two *Conſuls*; the turnaments of the common *Conſiliarii*; the annual amphipolitical and tumultuary *certamina*, or feaſts of the twenty-four ſocieties, every *Prætoriae* day; the duels and military performances of the never to be reconciled families, of enraged *Sir John Daw*, and incenſed *Sir Amorous La-Fool*; the *Capulets* and *Montagues*; the *Eteocleans* and *Polyniceans*; the *Douglaſſes* and *Percies*; the *Guelfs* and *Guibblins*, &c. &c. &c.

———*Quis talia Fando,*
Temperet à Lachrymis?

Begging pardon of the reader, for this digreſſion, I return to the *note*, from whence we may obſerve, that love is not always the cauſe of madneſs; for we ſee by woeful experience, that by peruſing ſuch books, the *vertigo* ſeizes the brains, which being voluminous (as may be ſeen in a calve's head) they are greatly injured by volumes of a contrary make, eſpecially thoſe that are ſimple.

* I ſuppoſe Mr. Gayton means *Father Benjamin*, a *Spaniſh* Jew, who is ſaid to have written a journal of all the remarkable things in the world.

Sage

Sage with brains is good; *rosemary*, an excellent *cephalic*; *time*, *savory*, and *sweet marjoram*, in good pottage, make delightful *settle-brain*. But the *simples* and *leaves* of *errantry* (as we find by experience) are noxious to the brain, consequently to the head; and we know, *caput malum, est caput malorum.*

And immediately returned with a porringer of holy water, and a sprig of hyssop, saying, "*Here,* "*master licentiate, pray take and sprinkle the* "*closet, least some one of the many enchanters* "*contained in these books, should exercise his art* "*upon us.*") P. 42.—38.

This over zealous house-keeper, should have desired the curate to have sprinkled her with the holy water, who being a very *Hecuba*, and unquenchable *boutefeu*, proved a firebrand to the Don's study. Had she been ducked out of her *balneo mariæ*, many books might have escaped, which her dry malice, or rheumatic ignorance condemned (without *index expurgatorius*, or *melius inquirendum*) to the flames. A worse fate, than consigning them to the œconomical uses of covering tarts and custards; or dedicating them to the service of *Cloacina*'s temple. The curate and the barber were more merciful, and would have spared many of them; but the woman, with a truely pious, and papistical spirit, was for

for burning all the heretics. Though ſome hiſtorian (his name I have really forgot) does affirm, that the barber, who had a ſneeking kindneſs for the niece (and ſhe for him) did prevail on the damſel to ſpare ſome, which ſhe hid under her petticoats for her intended's uſe; and it is further added, that that very night they underwent a *ſecond* impreſſion. I have inſerted this anecdote, becauſe it is not mentioned by *Cervantes*.

The licentiate, ſmiling at the old houſe-keeper's ſimplicity, deſired the barber to hand him the books.) P. 42.—39.

The library ladder was mounted, like the execution ſcaling ſtairs; and the barber, like *Jack Ketch*, fell to work with the books. Down they went, folios, quartos, &c. &c. ſtitched and bound, without regard to rank or *titles*; whether printed at *Anticyra*, or by the approbation of the *College* of *Gotham*, *cum privilegio*, or *fine*; while the licentiate, like the *Ordinary* of *Newgate*, gave ghoſtly counſel to ſome, and to others, the dreadful words of, *ite malam in crucem*, farewell and be burnt. Happy would it have been, if the Don's books, like thoſe in public libraries, had been faſtened to the ſhelves, then probably theſe cenſurers might have permitted them to have

hung

hung in their own chains, *in terrorem*, to all knight-errant *ſcribblers* for ever.

The firſt that maſter Nicholas delivered into his hands, were the four volumes of Amadis de Gaul.) P. 43.—39.

The original of *knight-errantry*, has been a great ſubject of controverſy. I am of opinion, that *Amadis de Gaul* was not the firſt book of that nation; for it is ſuppoſed, that they were deſcended from the Jews, who were, and are, errant over the whole world; and it is not to be doubted, but many books of this nature, are to be found in the *Hebrew* language. Therefore, that *Amadis* was the firſt is very improbable. What were the heroes of the *Iliad*? the *Ænead*, the *Pigmies*, the *Giants*, and *Giganto-machi?* certainly of more famous and reverend antiquity.

This that comes next, ſaid the barber, is Amadis of Greece.) P. 43.—39.

Amadis of Greece, might probably be the moſt ancient of the *d'Amadiſſes*. We have very good authority for the country in general.

———*Et quicquid Græcia mendax*
Audet in hiſtoriâ.
Græculus eſuriens in cœlum juſſeris ibit.

Which was further than ever any Knight-errant went. And as to the particular places, *Aratus* (the *Greek* poet and aſtrologer) teſtifies for the *Cretians*, that they were liars without intermiſſion.

Ben Johnſon dedicated his Comedy of *Volpone*, or the *Fox*, to the univerſities of *Oxford* and *Cambridge*; but *fox-like*, knowing their quarrels and contentions for antiquity, ſtiled them *moſt equal ſiſters:* So of the two brothers in *errantry*, *Amadis de Gaul*, and *Amadis of Greece* (leaſt books ſhould quarrel about trifles, like men) I ſhall ſtile them *fratres fraterrimi*. The licentiate was not ſo merciful; he was for ſaving the oldeſt, at the expence of the younger; whereas he ſhould have preſerved the latter, and have ſacrificed the former, who being of the *oldeſt houſe*, was fitteſt for the fire.

And indeed, the ſame thing will happen to all thoſe who pretend to tranſlate books of poetry into a foreign language; for, in ſpite of all their care and ability, they will find it impoſible to give the tranſlation the ſame energy which is found in the original.) P. 45.—41.

Aurea hæc verba. Tranſlations are, generally, the ſtains and ſhadows of their parents, and only gain reputation from the merits of their

their original authors, unleſs in the hands of men of genius and abilities. Let *Engliſhmen* write themſelves, rather than tranſlate; and it will be found we have ſome amongſt us, equal in genius to the ancients. *Spencer's Fairy Queen*; the *Arcadia*; *Paradiſe Loſt*; the Works of *Drayton*; *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, *Shakeſpeare*, *Johnſon*, *Randolph*, *Gondibert*, and many others (not to mention the moderns) are of eternal fame. However, it would be happy for this nation, if we tranſlated nothing from foreign countries but their books; but alaſs! we tranſlate their follies and vices too; even our modes of dreſs are of exotic extraction!

Pudet hæc opprobria vobis,
Et dici potuiſſe, & non potuiſſe refelli.

If we muſt be tranſlating, let us tranſlate our vices to their original quarters. Be juſt, and give to every country that which is their own: to *Germany*, her ebriety; to *Spain*, her ambition; to *France*, her levity; to *Turky*, her polygamy; to *Greece*, her lies; to *Rome*, her ſuperſtition; to *Venice*, her jealouſy and revenge; to *Ireland*, her impudence; and to *Scotland*, her treachery. This done, I am afraid it will be found, that our own vices will be more than we ſhall chuſe to acknowledge.

Let the Engliſh Palmerin be defended and preſerved as an ineſtimable jewel, and ſuch another caſket be made for him, as that which Alexander found among the ſpoils of Darius, and deſtined as a caſe for the works of Homer.) P. 46.—42.

Gratias hiſpane! I could almoſt kiſs thy large *Moor-lips*, for this favour. But had he known the hiſtories of *Sir Eglamore*, *John Dory*, *Robin Hood*, *the Pindar of Wakefield*, with many others more modern, but equally meritorious, ſuch as *Jemmy Jeſſamy*, *Betſy Thoughtleſs*, &c. &c. and, indeed, moſt of thoſe delicate novels compoſed for the uſe of circulating libraries, he would, without doubt, have recommended them to the *vatican*, without any *index expurgatorius*, or cenſure at all.

Pray Sir, ſaid the niece, be ſo good as to order theſe to be burnt with the reſt.) P. 48.—44.

Theſe were the works of divers poets. The *Don*'s niece was neither wiſe nor beautiful, and certainly never had a lover, whoſe paſſion and ingenuity prompted him to beſtow a copy of verſes on her *mopſa*'s face, otherwiſe ſhe would have ſhewn more mercy to men of this profeſſion, who get little by their wit (God knows) if they cannot purchaſe a damſel's good will. If the female world

world were all ſo hard hearted, what would become of a number of diſtracted wights, who conſtantly exhibit their amorous complaints in magazines and daily news-papers, in ingenious *acroſtics*, the firſt letters of which bear the names of their beloved objects? or are ſometimes concealed under the curious device of a *rebus*.

However, the gentler breaſts of the virginities of London, are more compaſſionate; and are compoſed of ſuch mould, as to be eaſily moved, if a ballad of *Jane Shore*, or *Sally Sal'ſbu-ree*, is revived; or any new paſtoral figment makes its appearance (in a half-penny publication) wherein *Colin* and *Phœbe* lament the obſtinancy of cruel parents, and their unfortunate love; till at laſt, the ſhepherd becomes deſperate, and marries her by force (which, indeed, is an act of deſperation) being determined to obtain her by *hook* or by *crook*.

And his own verſes, out of his own mouth, are the admiration of every body; for he chants them with ſo ſweet a voice, that the hearers are inchanted.) P. 49.—45.

Juſt as much, I ſuppoſe, as a Greek oration, excellently delivered by a ſtudent who ſtood for election, inchanted one of the auditors (a man of conſequence) ſo much, that he

was profuſe in his praiſe; which ſo ſurprized the electors, who were really ſcholars, that they deſired to know how long he had been ſkilled in the *Greek* tongue? to which he anſwered, "That, he did not underſtand a "tittle of it, but he liked it, becauſe it ſounded bravely.

Graiis deditore rotunda
Muſa loqui.

Greek is pronounced wrong,
Unleſs you troll it o'er the tongue.

I have heard, that the poets of the *Fortune* and *Red-Bull*, had always a mouth-meaſure for the uſe of their actors (who like ſome of our modern ones were terrible tear-throats) and made their lines proportionable to their compaſs, which was *ſeſquipedales*, a foot and a half.

The curate grew tired of examining more books, and would have condemned all the reſt, contents unknown, if the barber had not already opened another, which was called the Tears of Angelica.) 50.—46.

Crepat ingens Sejanus. Down went *Retont* and *Pellican*, *Sericon* and *Bufo*. If theſe books had been old ſhirts, much might have been ſaved

ſaved in tinder; enough, probably, to have ſerved the *Mancha* till the day of reſurrection: But paper (though it is made of rags) is the moſt unprofitable of all things ſet on fire. It was impoſſible, even by the labour of *Alchymy*, to recover the leaſt reſemblance of the principles, from the aſhes of theſe monumental hiſtories. Otherwiſe the Don, out of regard to theſe authors, would have made a venture, and might have been as famous upon record, for chymical experiments, as he is at this day for heroic undertakings.

One act of grace paſſed however; *Angelica's Tears* eſcaped martyrdom; though it was for fear they would have extinguiſhed the fire.

CHAP. VII.

While they were buſied in this manner, Don Quixote began to cry aloud.) P. 50.—47.

AS in other fires of wood and coals, many imagine they ſee the ſhapes of men, lions, horſes, and other ſtrange things; ſo the Don (by the light of the book-fire) apprehended he ſaw the moſt deſperate *tourney* that ever was performed by Knights. This rouzed his valourous ſoul from his bed to action; and being deprived of his arms (for his lance was ſhattered paſt the cure of a joiner;

joiner; and his helmet ſo deſpicably broken in pieces, it would have puzzled a ſmith even to have made nails of the remnants) he marched naked about his chamber, and gave battle to the defenceleſs walls. In high conceit;

In prælio trudit inermem.

Soon as the Don awaked,
He fell to fighting naked.

This ſituation of the Don's was ſomewhat ſimilar to that of a young ſtudent's at *Oxford*; who having drank too freely at a tavern in the city, was carried to his own appartment at college by his companions. He waked in the night, intollerably thirſty and inflamed in his throat, and ſuppoſing himſelf ſtill at the tavern, he called out, "Waiter, waiter, "I thirſt, I burn, bring me ſomething to "drink;" but not receiving any liquor, nor ſo much as an anſwer, he became impatient, and being determined to raiſe the houſe by violence, he threw his ſhoes, and every thing he could find, againſt the glaſſes and windows, till the noiſe waked ſome of his fellow collegians; who, when they found out the real cauſe of the diſturbance, had great difficulty to reconcile their friend to his windows and ſituation; or the action of battery would not

not have been repaired with his whole year's income.

Certainly, my lord archbishop Turpin.) P. 51.—47.

Imaginary fancies, make strong impressions upon masculine (as well as feminine) spirits. A gentleman, on a rejoiceing night at one of the public halls, was desired to accept of the character of mock emperor or governor. On his compliance, he was created with much wit and ceremony by twelve mock-electors. The emperor ascended his chair of state, which was placed upon an eminence, and was installed with all possible homage, pomp and reverence, by the whole company. Being strongly tinctured before with the spirit of self-conceit, he now became the most solemn, pompous, tyrannical blockhead, that ever sat on a throne. *Holland* the player, performing the part of *Bajazet* in Tamerlane, or *Phyrrus* in the Distress'd Mother, is a fool to what he was. *Alexander* upon his elephant, nay, upon the castle on the elephant, was not so pompous and exalted: And so strongly did this nights imaginary honour work upon his fancy, that he was never able to shake it off, till the time came that extinguishes all things, and dropping the curtain, closes the scene on all our actons, real and imaginary.

Another

Another remedy, which the curate and barber prescribed for the destemper of their friend, was to alter and block up the closet where his books had been kept; that upon his getting up, he should not find them.) P. 52.—48.

This proposed delusion, was good *pro tempore.* I knew a humorous cook at *Oxford*, who was perpetually shifting and altering the doors and rooms of his house. One morning early he changed the door belonging to a stair-case, which led to one of his lodger's appartments; who having been in bed during the alteration, came down hastily as usual when he rose, and found his head stuck fast in a new mud-wall; and as he was going about some *necessary* business, it is a doubt, whether (by this forcible detainer) his head or his heels were in the worst pickle.

Some what similar to this, is the following story:

A student being called upon by his companions to go and partake of a merry-making supper, in his hurry, left his study door open. He did not return till it was late, and then much in liquor; and not perceiving the door open, passed through the study till he came to the window, where he stopt, and endeavoured to find the door, in order, as he imagined, to let himself in; but being too drunk to perceive

ceive his miſtake, he concluded he had been robbed of his ſtudy, and cryed out "thieves, "thieves, I am robbed of my ſtudy;" which alarm, brought his companions to him, who found he had loſt nothing but his wits; and conducting him to the door, bid him lock it, and they would be anſwerable for his loſs in the morning.

It was not the devil, cried the niece, but an enchanter that conveyed himſelf hither in a cloud, one night after your worſhip's departure, and alighted from a dragon on which he was mounted, entered the cloſet, where I know not what he did, but having ſtaid a very little while, he came flying through the roof, leaving the whole houſe full of ſmoke.) P. 53.—49.

The fertility of this young woman's brain, and her happy invention in telling lies to impoſe on her uncle, has not been equalled by any one that ever I met with, except by *Elizabeth Canning*, of pious and immortal memory; whoſe lamentable ſtory, and deplorable ſufferings, alarmed, and confounded the whole Britiſh nation; and was the occaſion of ſuch diſputes, controverſies, feuds and animoſities, as will never be reconciled to the end of time; though moſt probably as equally fallacious, as this girl's account of the enchanter on the flying dragon, who (ſhe affirmed) had carried

carried away the *Don*'s ſtudy. Though we have ſince been alarmed with an affair, equally as extraodinary and myſterious; which attracted the admiration and curioſity, not only of the vulgar, but of ſome of the moſt reſpectable and learned men in the nation. The reader, I make no doubt, will readily perceive, this laſt circumſtance alludes to the memorable impoſture of the *Cock-Lane* ghoſt.

He ſaid alſo, that his name was the Sage Munaton, "you mean Freſton," ſaid Don Quixote.) P. 53.—49.

This enchanter is of no note, for I do not find his name in any of the famous authors of *Dæmonology*; nor is he ſo much as mentioned in *Cornelius Agrippa*; no, not even in the *Sheperds Calender*.

And promiſing him ſuch mountains of wealth, that this poor ſimpleton determined to follow, and ſerve him in quality of Squire.) P. 54.—50.

The Don's bait was alluring; *Sancho* nibbled at it, and ſo the gudgeon was caught. The bubble hope, buoyed him up, on which he flattered himſelf he ſhould float to the iſland his maſter promiſed he would make him the governor of; but alas!

Multa tulit fecit que puer, ſudavit, & alſit.

Above

Above all things, charging him to purchase a wallet.) P. 55.—51.

The ass (which *Sancho* also promised to take) and the wallet, were two very unsuitable and inaugurable things for such grand designs. But if the reader ever read the history of *Masinello*, a poor fisherman, he will think nothing impossible. In days of yore, an ass was a very respectable creature; but in this nation we have now so many (among which some are in human shapes) that they are held in great contempt: And as to the wallet, it was capable of being filled with things of the greatest importance; nay, in one corner of it, might be contained what would overturn the most oppulent nation in the world.

With regard to the ass, Don Quixote demurred a little.) P. 55.—51.

Parvis principiis res magnæ crescunt. If *Sancho* had been blessed with *Bucephalus* to have rode upon, the world could but have gazed on him; and so they did though he rode on an ass. Excesses and defects have always the same effects. *Si fortuna volet, fies de Rhetore Consul.* Which I for the *Don*'s comfort translate as follows, though not literally.

If it ſeems good to powerful fate,
The aſs may prove a horſe of ſtate.

Moſt noble *Don*, be not diſmayed, take the aſs along with you, and be not aſhamed of your brother; though his ears are unſightly, his back will be ſervicable. No beaſt, except a dromedary (and *Sancho* upon the aſs makes one) will be able to undergo the ſpoils your volour will atchieve.

Mount, Cheval mount, and thro' all nations paſs,
That word mounts thee, and Sancho *mounts his aſs.*

Sancho Panza journeying upon his aſs, like a venerable patriarch.) P. 55.—52.

Whether the primitive patriarchs rode ſo (I mean before the flood) is a matter of doubt. Aſſes, indeed, where then in uſe, but I find no mention of wallets, unleſs it was in the great famine, when they went down to *Egypt* to buy food. Our modern patriarchs do not travel in ſo deſpicable a manner, nor the patriarch of *Conſtantinople*, or *Alexandria*; nor his *Holyneſs* the patriarch, nor even the archbiſhop of *Toledo*. Theſe patriarchs being more than governors of iſlands, diſdain riding on aſs or mule; what *Sancho* would have done had he roſe to honour, no one can tell.

" *In*

" *In that caſe,*" *replied* Sancho, " *if I ſhould ever become a King, by any of thoſe miracles which your worſhip mentions, my Duck Juana Gutierez would alſo be a Queen.*") P. 56.—52.

It would have been queen of ſluts then, for according to the author's account, ſhe was a draggled-tailed lady; and a great damp to the aſpiring genius of *Sancho.* For a man of his expectations to be depreſſed with ſuch a trapes, was an intollerable circumſtance; a weight which ſeemed to impede his flight to fame and to honour. A dung-boat ſunk in a ſhallow ſtream, is not eaſily removed to make way for a wherry.

Though it were to rain kingdoms upon the earth, not one of them would ſit ſeemly on the head of Mary Gutierez.) P. 56.—53.

Sancho's character of his wife, calls to mind the ſtory of a ſimple woman, who for want of a few grains of diſcretion, deprived her huſband of ſome of the higheſt advantages in the world. The good man, lived an induſtrious, honeſt life, contented without murmuring. Fortune ſeemed to ſmile upon him, whenever he viſited her temple. The gracious looks of the goddeſs, encouraged him to aſk an extraordinary favour, which was, that her goodneſs would confer three wiſhes on

him; which was anſwered from the oracle, *ratified—wiſh—and be happy.* The man acquainted his wife with his good fortune, but ſhe was juſt ſuch another ninny as *Sancho*'s wife, and begged her huſband to let her have one of the wiſhes at her diſpoſal; the good man, willing to oblige her, granted her requeſt. To the fair they went, whither they were bound, and the dame wiſhed for a ladle which ſhe ſaw. The huſband, provoked at her folly in thus proſtituting the bleſſing, wiſhed the ladle in her breech, which, without delay, was in the deſired place. The wife was ſo tormented (beſides her ſhame) that the poor huſband had no reſt till the impediment was removed, and therefore, in charity to his wife, condeſcended to employ the third wiſh for her benefit, which was to recall the ladle. Thus, from the folly of indiſcretion, how often do we miſapply the bounties of heaven, and turn our bleſſings into curſes?

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

" *I would your worſhip would take notice,*" *replied* Sancho, " *that thoſe you ſee yonder are no giants, but wind-mills.*) P. 57.—53.

THIS groſs miſtake of the *Don*'s, was undoubtedly owing to his not clearing his eyes in a morning, which *Sancho* never failed to do, in expectation of ſeeing the wiſhed-for iſland. If the *Don* was the ſharpeſt wit, *Sancho* had the cleareſt eye-ſight; for he could diſcern at a great diſtance, that the wind-mills were nothing more than what they appeared to be. Probably ſuch a ſpiritual miſchance befell the *Don*'s eyes, as once happened to a perſon's ears, who paid great attention to a ſermon, but could not hear one word articulately; which troubled him the more, as he ſaw one, at a greater diſtance from the pulpit than he was, taking the ſermon down in ſhort-hand: Upon this he ſhifted his ſtation, to where the perſon ſtood, thinking very philoſophically, that the angles of the church might convey the ſound to the circular concaves more ſtrongly in that place; but when he found that change of place made no difference, and that the other perſon could hear upon the ſpot he ſtood on, though he could not, he did not know which to wonder at moſt, his own deafneſs, or the other

perſon's acuteneſs. At laſt he aſked him "if he was really taking down what the parſon preached;" to which the other anſwered in the affirmative: "That is very ſtrange," ſaid he, "for I cannot diſtinguiſh a word he ſays;" "That may be," ſaid the *brachygrapher*, "perhaps, your ears are not *ſanctified*."

If thou art afraid, get out of the reach of danger, and put up thy prayers for me, while I join with them in fierce and unequal combat.) P. 58.—54.

Sancho was not over religious, yet he choſe rather to pray than to fight. His prayers were pithy and ſhort, for he ſaw the danger his maſter was in, and knew he would ſoon want his aſſiſtance.

God preſerve and bleſs me,
And my wife above knee,
With my children all three.

To ſpeak critically, it was wrong in the knight to give *Sancho* leave to pray; nor was the Squire commendable in taking him at his word, and be upon his knees, when the Don was upon his ſally; unleſs we conſider, that *Sancho* was hardly initiated into the profeſſion; however, though he was not a com-

a compleat champion, yet he knew enough to obey orders, and therefore was excusable.

And both knight and steed whirled aloft, and overthrown in very bad plight upon the plain.) P. 58—54.

Notwithstanding the mill was in motion, the Don attacked it, and no doubt, had *Rozinante* been a mill-horse (as his master by one attribute was a miller) they had carried the business round; but in the present case, the mill had the best of it. The picture of *Icarus* falling into the sea, which afterwards bore his name, is an exact representation of the *Don*'s flight from the sails of the wind-mill to the ground, who fell rather a *Centaur* than a man.

Sancho Panza rode as fast as the ass could carry him to his assistance.) P. 58—54.

Poor *Sancho* lamented the *windfall* his master, and gathered him up like a bruised codlin, a little corrupted on the *leiger* side. It has been a matter of great controversy, whether, in memory of the *Don*'s disastrous misfortune, wind-mills should not ever since have gone to the left. The observation has escaped the learned author of the *vulgar errors*, nor do I remember to have met with it in the

the *Philosophical Transactions*, and therefore I shall not attempt the decision.

Diego Perez de Vargos.) P. 59.—55.

This Knight, from his victory over the *Moors*, obtained with the branch of an oak, was afterwards sirnamed *Machuca*, which may be translated *John á Nokes*. From the *Don*'s late encounter, he might have stiled himself a knight of *Millan*. *Scipio*, from his victory over *Carthage*, was called *Africanus*; and the *Cæsars* took names from their successes, as, *Almanicus*, *Gothicus*, *Britannicus*, *Germanicus*, &c. &c. And as *Claudius* was famous for exploits of another nature, he was called *Cacaticus*; and the *Don*, had *Sancho* understood Latin, might have been called *Querceticus* of the *Mancha*.

Don Quixote could not help smiling at the simplicity of his Squire, to whom he gave permission to complain as much and as often as he pleased.) P. 60.—56.

This was the first symptom of the *Don*'s inclination to mirth, for by his countenance he was scarcely supposed to be rational. *Sancho*'s query, was very sensible and provident; for he considered, he had now two capacities, one *personal*, the other *Squire-errantical*; and therefore it was worth the enquiry, in which

of

of these capacities he should suffer. For, if the *Squire*'s arms, legs, or neck, were broke, it was of no consequence, provided *Sancho Panza* was left a whole man. But the Don stated the question in the affirmative, and asserted that the bodies of Knight and Squire-errants did also suffer personally (as witches and enchanters are not exempt from punishments, when they assume the shapes and forms of other creatures) for as errantry is but a noble kind of witchcraft, we may conclude *à simili*, that it is subject to the same inconveniencies—Excellent logic.—The knight (though none of the wisest) experimentally knew (which is the surest knowledge, though not always the safest) that when the knight-errant was in the air, *Don Quixote* was there also; and that when he and *Rozinante* fell to the ground, the Squire was then *couchant*, in a *field green*, nose *gules*, sides and back *azure*. From this wonderful reasoning, we learn, that the question may be stated either for personal or political capacities; if you hurt one, you hurt both.

Then Sancho observing that it was dinner-time.) P. 60.—56.

As *Sancho* jogged on, the bags of the wallet itemed him on each side, and they were mementos

mementos he liked very well. He was for a *fall to*, rather than a *fall from*—the wind-mill; but the Don had no appetite, not having digeſted his late feaſt of freſh air. The bottle and the wallet were two good companions to *Sancho*, on which he rode in *Perſian* ſtate, for the ends of the wallet being on each ſide, he poſſeſſed the middle place, which (in thoſe eaſtern countries) is the higheſt in honour. He frequently raiſed the bottle to his mouth, and by this means raiſed his eyes to heaven, on which he ſeldom looked ſo devoutly as in that poſture; ſo that whether he would or not, he ſometimes called to remembrance, that there was ſomething above him.

So Cyrus *on a dromedary rode,*
Adorning, like poor Sancho, *his warm'd God.*

Thou muſt by no means, even ſo much as lay thy hand upon thy ſword, with deſign to defend me, unleſs I am aſſaulted by vulgar and low-born antagoniſts.) P. 61.—57.

Sancho was a very peaceable man, and therefore had no objection to obey his maſter's commands; yet, if they had been given before the late encounter, he muſt have entered into the ſervice of danger; for what caſtle more baſe than a wind-mill? or what rogue

rogue more vile than the pilfering giant in it? But *Sancho* not being dubbed, was exempted from fighting, and doubtlefs he never intended to take his degree, that he might for ever ftand excufed.

"*This will be worfe than the wind-mills,*" *cried* Sancho; "*for the love of God, Sir, confider, that thefe are Benedictine Friars.*) P. 63.—58.

The Don (contrary to the advice of *Sancho*) attempted this more dangerous adventure; for the wind-mills could only grind the body, but thofe *Friars* have a power to grind *purfe*, *body*, *foul*, and *all*. Priefts in Spain are more reverend, and their coat of higher price than in England. In Spain it is five pounds a blow at leaft, and as the Don was dextrous in his onfets, he might foon have thrafhed away the whole revenue of the *Mancha* upon their canonical coats; befide the danger of the inquifition, of which *Sancho* was more afraid than the devil; for there, neither wallet or bottle gain admittance, nor any thing but bread and water, which latter was a worfe torment to him than the furies; for which reafon he often comforted himfelf, that the world would never be drowned again, for of all deaths he hated it; and like *Ovid*, though not with him, often cried out,

Demite

Demite naufragium, Mors mihi munus erit.

Which I ſhall tranſlate for *Sancho*, agreeable to his own wiſhes.

To drink, indeed, is all my wiſh;
But how?—not to drink like a fiſh *.

Sancho Panza ſeeing the friar on the ground, leaped from his aſs with great agility, and beginning to uncaſe him with the utmoſt dexterity, two of their ſervants came up, and aſked for what reaſon he ſtripped their maſter.) P.64.—59.

Non videt id Manticæ quod in tergo eſt? *Sancho* had ſeen capuchines before now, and knew where their ſtock and their wallets lay; no *Iriſh* trooper, or *Jew* after a battle more dextrous and expert. From hence we may conclude, that *Sancho* imagined his buſineſs was to ſeize the plunder. The Squire for the *bag*, the Knight for the *baggage*, for the *Don*, was all this while in cloſe converſation with the ladies in the

* Our author thinks *Sancho* is like the felon, that was going to be hanged over a river, and ſeeing one of his comrades, who was turned off before him, break the rope and drop into the water, begged for a ſtronger rope, leaſt he ſhould be drowned as the other was.

coach;

coach; while *Sancho* made an adventure of robbery, but was taken in the fact; and having to deal with two unmerciful judges (the resolute servants) never was horse so curried between two *Yorkshire* jockies as he was. *Sancho* pleaded his right to plunder by the law of arms; but his adversaries (unacquainted with *civil* law) used him very barbarously. The friar made off to his companion, with more speed than he would have done, to have been made archbishop of *Toledo*; and though he had quoted a commandment to Sancho, *thou shalt not steal*, yet his piety never prompted him to prescribe one to his servants, *viz. thou shalt not kill*; against which they were very near offending, for they left poor *Sancho* breathless, and that was next to murder: In head and beard, according to the history, he was created a monk, but of the order of the *Maledictines*.

"*Get thee gone, Cavalier, go to the devil, I zay; vor, by the God that made her, if thou wilt not let the coach alone, che will kill thee dead, as zure as che was a Biscayan.*" P. 65—60.

The *Biscayan* was a *Castril*, and no doubt the baggages in the coach were his sisters. And though he swore he would kill the Knight, yet *Quixote*, considering the infalli-

bility of his ſecurity in being a Knight-errant, ſuppoſed that it was impoſſible ever to be abſolutely killed, and therefore reſolved to give him battle, and called him *Caitiff* to his face, which was the greateſt affront to a *Biſcayaner* (who is *terrâ marique*) that could be offered; though if he had been toſſed, as the Don was by the wind-mill, in *concavum lunæ*, no doubt but he would have been a gentleman by all the four elements. Two ſuch high ſpirits never met before, more implacable that *Clinias* and *Dæmetas*. *Cervantes* leaves his hiſtory here uncertain, as to the iſſue of the combat, which (however it went with them) was notorious on the brutes ſide, for *Rozinante* run down the adverſary's tired hackney.

And if the horſe ſuch praiſes had,
The Don got more, or he was mad.

End of the FIRST BOOK.

BOOK

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

In the first book of this history, we left the valiant Biscayan and renowned Don Quixote, with their gleaming swords brandished aloft.) P. 68. —64.

THIS pause in the history, is like an *isthmus*, or *peninsula*, which dividing two enraged seas, by its natural interposition, keeps them from precipitating one into the other; or else as *Lucan* says, *jonium Ægeo frangit mare.* The combatants were stags of mettle; for as on each side of an *isthmus*, by the iterated beatings and rebeatings of the sea, the salt froth and spirituous bubbles float to the shore; so upon this *Pharsalian* plain, the drivelings of these embossed rivals (who foamed like two chaffed boars, or blown mastiffs) were as visible: Nor were their beasts in less agony; and from their excessive heat, evaporation and lather (had there been water near) they would have been no bad subjects, or rather substitutes, for the sport of the *soaped bull.*

The delicious hiſtory abruptly breaks off, without our being informed by the author, where or how that which is wanting may be found. P. 68.—64.

This was a Spaniſh quirk, a maze of the author's own making, as intricate as his brains; to puzzle and withold the inflamed reader, whom he would make believe, for the dignity and antiquity of his hiſtory, that it was written in the *Arabian* language, and tranſlated by a learned *Hebrean*. I am clearly of another opinion, though I like his invention, for he wiſely conſidered, that our venerable paſſion for antiquity would make us think it of more importance (though ever ſo trifling) than if it had been a modern work.

This ſame Dulcinea, ſo often mentioned in the hiſtory, is ſaid to have had the beſt hand at ſalting pork, of any woman in La Mancha. P. 70.—66.

This is the firſt character we have of *Lady Dulcinea*'s excellencies; and, indeed, it is enough to provoke a Jew to laughter, notwithſtanding his abhorrence to ſwines fleſh; which hatred, beſides the prohibition, was greatly increaſed by the devil's entering into the herd of ſwine. That this commendation of *Dulcinea*'s excellence may not appear ridi-

ridiculous, I ſhall illuſtrate it with two ſhort ſtories.

A gentleman having ſome friends to ſupper with him one evening, where, among other things (having killed a pig) were ſome hog's-puddings which were greatly commended by all the company; ſaid, "friends, be it known to you, my wife is an abomination good pudding-wife."

Another, being drinking and gaming late at a tavern, and having loſt all his money, began to repent; and reflecting upon his family at home, laid his hand upon his breaſt, and ſaid very pathetically, "what a wicked wretch am I, to be here drinking and gaming, when alaſs! even at this late hour, is my poor wife making hog's puddings and candles."

For all hiſtorians ought to be punctual, candid, and diſpaſſionate, that neither intereſt, rancour, fear, or affection, may miſlead them from the road of truth.) P. 72.—68.

Lipſius could have ſaid no more to *Tacitus*, who were both better politicians than hiſtorians; for by giving their own cenſures, conjectures, and reflections, they ſhewed their art indeed, but not their faith. When hiſtorians take liberties of this ſort, they make their readers ſuſpect their authenticity; how-

ever, our *modern* hiſtorians are more exact, and take every thing from tradition, without ever adding one wiſe word of their own.

The flaming ſwords of the two valiant and incenſed combitants, brandiſhed in the air, ſeemed to threaten heaven, earth, and hell.) P. 73. —69.

The giants and the gods for the time, were not ſo hot at it as the *Don* and *Biſcayan.* Reader, have you ever ſeen two men driving a buck? two beating hemp? or laſtly (which was moſt like it) the two threſhers, who quarrelling about the diviſion of the harveſt bottle, beſtowed on each other, what was due to the ſheaves?

Where is the man who can worthily expreſs the rage and indignation which entered into the heart of our Manchegan, when he ſaw himſelf handled in this manner?) P. 73.—69.

Quæ dixit & quæ fecit? What ſaid he not? what did he not? He did not regard the loſs of his ear, but became more enraged, and with one blow vanquiſhed him, and laid him flat on the ground *ſemi-mortuus, ſepulchrorum & manium penincola.* We doubtleſs ſhould have ſeen his head on the Don's ſpear, had not the ladies flew from the coach, to the

the aſſiſtance of their *Hector*, and humbly begged of our knight on *their* knees, to ſave the life of one who had ſerved them on *his* for many a long year, both by day and by night.

CHAP. II.

Such as theſe are not adventures of iſlands, but frays that happen in bye-roads, in which there is nothing to be got but a broken head, with the loſs of an ear.) P. 75.—71.

THE pitcher ſeldom goes often to the well, but it comes home broken at laſt. This proverb, if the Spaniard had known it, would have ſuited the Don's late diſaſter, notwithſtanding he was victorious. But it is honourable on entring into the buſineſs of knight-errantry, to meet with loſſes and croſſes; to have the *tyrocinium* difficult and laborious. The unfavourable, but auſpicious hoiſt of the wind-mill, (for in that elevation he ſaw all the caſtles he was to conquer, with *Sancho*'s iſland too) the caſtigation of the friar's footmen; and the diſaſtrous battle with the *Biſcayan*, were preludes and trials of his bravery: *Ardua virtutis via*; and whoſoever is to make his way through thorns, briers, and quickſets, may be content to loſe only an ear in the paſſage.

"*Sir*,"

" *Sir,*" *ſaid he,* " *methinks it would be the wiſeſt courſe for us to retreat to ſome church; for as he with whom you fought remains but in a ſorry condition, it is odds but they inform the holy brotherhood of the affair, and have us apprehended.*) P. 76.—71.

Ignavi ſemper ſpecie pruden ûn admonent. Cowards are always great politicians, and hugh creators of dangers and ſafeties. *Sancho* was afraid of a hugh and cry, for the *inſultum fecit* upon the *monk*; and it had liked to have been a *clauſum fregit*, if the footmen had not interpoſed and prevented the burglary. *Sancho* had two reaſons for his caution; ſecurity of perſon, and conveniency of revictualling; for the contents of the wallet were expended, and his belly empty and lank, ſo that there were two wallets on one beaſt. He loved to make a cloak bag of his belly, wherein he deſired one day's proviſion before hand at leaſt. Monaſteries were places he delighted in, becauſe the monks were well ſpread men, of ample ſize, having bodies capable of large undertakings, wherein the ſoul was not pinched, ſtraightened, or confined within a narrow compaſs.

" *Set*

"*Set your heart at eaſe then, friend* Sancho," *replied Don Quixote, "for I will deliver you from the hands of the Philiſtines, much more from the clutches of the brotherhood.*") P. 76.—72.

The brotherhood were impowered to take up all ſuſpicious perſons, in order to prevent robberies on the roads; under which denomination Squire-errants were liable to be apprehended, and comprehended. Knight-errants being for the holy-ſiſterhood, were in no danger of ſuch bug-bears; nor *Sancho* need not have trembled, for he who was to be ſecure from the *Philiſtines*, could apprehend nothing from conſtables, or the vigilant *Capitolian* watchmen.

For I have got ſome lint, and a little white ointment in my wallet.) P. 77.—72.

Sancho had pilfered his wife's *unguentum album*, with which ſhe ſoddered up the chinks in her ruinous face; ſo that the poor woman, for want of it, and the thief that ſtole it, gaped till his return, like the parched earth in a drought.

If I had remembered to take a phial of the balſam of fierabras, one ſingle drop of which would ſave abundance of time and trouble.) P. 77.—72.

It

It ſhould have been called *opobalſamum*, for the rarity of ſo tranſcendent an operation. This ſeems to have been an imaginary balſam, good only, I am afraid, for imaginary wounds. *Phantaſtes* being aſked, in that learned play of *Lingua*, what a man thought of, when he thought of nothing? with great preſence of mind ſmartly replied, "His thoughts are then employed how to anſwer him that aſketh nothing." So for no wound no balſam is beſt. This balſam *fierabras*, was of near affinity to the ſympathetic powder, which once did wonderful things. A ſtrange, but true ſtory of its effects, I ſhall entertain the reader with.

A lady happened to fall a ſleep with ſome needles in her mouth, which ſhe unhappily ſwallowed; the diſaſter being dangerous, and her huſband afraid of inteſtine turnpikes, phyſicians were called from the four corners, with a regiment of ſurgeons and apothecaries. A counſel was held, and no concluſive reſult; till at laſt a little *Paracelſian* apothecary preſcribed a clyſter, with three hundred ingredients, which may all be found in the *Pharmacopæa*; but the chief *prædominator*, was to be two grains of *pulvis magneticus*, or powder of load-ſtone; which having the *miſceatur* and *condiatur* by direction, was adminiſtered by the *pigmy minos* himſelf. It worked

ſo

ſo appoſitely and ſympathetically, that the *occult* qualities of the load-ſtone, preſently exerted their virtues ſo vigorouſly, as ſoon to attract the needles; the other impulſes aſſiſting at the ſame time, in expelling them at the *qua data porta* ſo violently, that the apothecary had not time to get out of the way, but was wounded all over his face with the needles. He was carried out to his fellow artiſts, who wrote *probatum eſt* on the remedy; and in conſequence of the damages he had received from the experiment, it was agreed, that the ſole uſe and benefit of the medicine ſhould be ceded to, and inveſted in him; and the lady's huſband giving him *pulvus auratus* for his *ſympatheticus*, all parties were pleaſed and ſatisfied.

"*Thou haſt no more to do, when thou ſeeſt me in any combat cut through the middle, a circumſtance that very often happens, but to ſnatch up that part of the body which falls to the ground, and before the blood ſhall congeal, ſet it upon the other half that remains in the ſaddle, taking care to join them with the utmoſt nicety and exactneſs.*" P. 77.—73.)

The *quacks* of *Ludgate-Hill* and the *Old-Bailey*, would rejoice to be in poſſeſſion of this wonderful *panacea*; and by the bye, it is ſhrewdly ſuſpected, that the college of phy-

ſicians

ſicians would have no objection to the ſecret. But according to *Quixote*'s account, the grand art is in the judicious conjunction of the diſunited parts; for in caſe of a *ſolutio continui* but for a moment (ſhould the head be a head of gold) all would be loſt. We have, indeed, ſeen a *calves* head cleft in two by a butcher, and immediately (*ictu oculi*, as we ſay) fixed together again by the help of a piece of thread, which ſhould always be in readineſs, for it is the *thread of life*. But if an ear be ſeperated from the head, as was the Don's caſe, not *Fierabras*, nor *Paracelſus* himſelf, nor *Bacon*'s head of braſs, could work a cure.

"*Thou haſt ſpoke very much to the purpoſe, and hit the nail on the head,*" *replied Don Quixote*, "*therefore I annul my oath, ſo far as it regards my revenge; but I make and confirm it anew, to lead the life I have mentioned, until ſuch time as I can take by force as good a helmet as this from ſome other knight.*") P. 79.—74.

Sancho was determined to keep his maſter juſt. If a Turk lays his hand upon his head, he will never deceive you, nor will a Jew, if he pats you on the thigh. So a Knight-errant, if he lifts his eyes and hands to heaven, cannot be releaſed from an oath, or an engagement, unleſs the matter itſelf ſhould be null; as if for example, he had ſworn to main-

maintain *Dulcinea*'s virgin honour, againſt all attempts and violence of other knights, and ſhe unknown to him, (though not to others) ſhould have ventured on a trial of her potentiality to procreation, and had the ſcruple of her mind ſatisfied. In ſuch a caſe, the *Caſuiſts* ſay, *juramentum eſt irritum*, or as others have it, *irritum eſt juramentum*. But the Don was *errant* in his rage, and had forgot that the *Biſcayne* was a military trophy, ſent upon *parole* to *Dulcinea* of *Toboſo*; for which reaſon the oath was void, as to the *vindicative* part; though the *ſelf-denying* part (which was a voluntary and ſacramental renunciation of clean linen at bed and board) was to be kept, unleſs he purchaſed a diſpenſation from Rome: Though we do not read that he wandered ſo far out of the way, but inviolably kept as much of it as concerned his ſheets and ſhirts; like the arch-dutcheſs of *Auſtria*, at the ſiege of *Oſtend*.

"*I have got here in my bags*," *ſaid Sancho*, "*an onion, a ſlice of cheeſe, and a few cruſts of bread*.") P. 80.—75.

Venter caret auribus. Though the onion was not good for the eyes, it was impoſſible it ſhould effect the Don's left ear; ſtrong ſmells being no annoyance to the ſenſe of hearing: Yet, why may not the ſenſes make

bold with one another's objects? We hear it commonly ſaid, *I have ſmelt out his meaning; I have ſmelt out what you would have; I have ſmelt out what you are doing.* Though this laſt may ſometimes be ſaid with great propriety. And again we ſay, *let me ſee what you ſay*; ſo of hearing, if bad air may be ſmelt we may conclude, that it may be ſeen, felt, or underſtood.

" *I do not ſay, Sancho, that Knights-errant are obliged to eat nothing except theſe fruits, but only that their moſt ordinary ſuſtenance is compoſed of them and ſome certain herbs, which they know how to gather in the fields.)* P. 81—76.

Sancho was a very *Ingrum*; he could neither write nor read; a very beaſt, and therefore fit for nothing but to pick ſallads, which being the chief food (as the only *parabile*) wherewith the nature of Knight-errants was contented; what could be expected, but faint performances from *graſs* diet, or ſuch as his laſt was, *groſs* fare?

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Sancho having, as well as he could, accomodated Rozinante and his aſs, was attracted by the odour that iſſued from ſome pieces of goat's fleſh, that were boiling in a kettle.) P. 82.—77.

ÆSOP's Fable of the *two hounds*, is here moralized in the Squire and the Don. Hound *Sancho* was for the kettle; hound *Quixote* for the field, orations and muſic; but as nature had *given Sancho* a tun belly, ſo he himſelf was very much *given* to the belly; which being as extenſive in point of meaſure as a tun, was not eaſily filled. But though *Quixote* could have been contented with the freſh ſervices of Madam *Aura* (for which he opened as conſtantly as an oyſter againſt tide) yet the Knights of the *Mountains*, requeſted the favour of their younger brother of the hills and dales, that he would give them his company to ſuch cheer as they had; which being goat proviſions, were moſt agreeable to bodies-errant, who are generally *ſaltitant*, *paſſant*, or *currant*; ſometimes *volant*, and after a wind-mill (as we have ſeen) *couchant*. *Omne ſimile nutritur à ſimili.* From whence we ſee the reaſon, that ſwines fleſh is ſo nutritive *and* appoſite, unleſs to old *jewry-men* and *Scots*.

It is conjectured, that *Sancho* and his master fed most upon goat's countenance, or in other words, the head boiled with the hair on, which undoubtedly is as excellent food as lamb's head with the wool on, and is a more efficacious remedy against a *desperatio Barbæ*, than all the unguents of the college of physicians. It must be confessed, it is somewhat rough and untoothsome to the palate; but it is not for the teeth or the palate, but for the chin. There is an attractive faculty implanted in every part, and every part draws, as the learned say, *agglutinates* and *assimilates*, which is the way nature performs her work. So that we may conclude, philosophically, philologically, and metaphysically, that the chin, cheeks, boscos, suboscos, dulapes, and the jawy part of the face, know their own qualities and powers as well as any other part of the body.

For what is said of love may be observed of Knight-errantry, that it puts all things upon a level.) P. 83.—78.

Love and danger are very glutinous, and of a soddering and associating nature. If two love one another, it is very probable they will lie together. So for quarreling, if two fall *out*, they generally fall *in*, together by the ears. Love is a leveller, for laugh

(which

(which is but a variation from love) and lie down; and chivalry lays all before it.

Who with keen appetite, and infinite relish solaced their stomachs, by swallowing pieces as large as their fists.) P. 84.—78.

A man might have learned to have choaked himself of these cormorants, without much application or study. Delicacy of feeding, use of napkins and compliment, they were not acquainted with, being educated and trained up in the academy of *Grobians* *; where they had been taught every minute punctilio of grossness and gluttony.

His non invideas porcorum assine palatum.

Thus ended the goatherd's ditty; and though Don Quixote desired him to sing another, yet Sancho Panza would by no means give his consent, being more inclined to take his natural rest than to hear ballads.) P. 90.—84.

This entertainment was prince like; meat, wine, and music, vocal and instrumental. It wanted nothing but wenches to have made it not only compleat, but equal to our modern routs. It is a wonder the Don did not offer a *madrigal* of his own, though indeed, he had entertained them with a long-

* Slovens.

winded oration; and *Sancho* begged to have no more ſinging. Such dull, unactive clay as he was compoſed of, no *fragrantia frigida friſca* can elevate.

Qui jacet in terrâ, non habet unde cadat.

At the foot of the rock, hard by the Cork-tree-ſpring; for, the report goes, and they ſay, he ſaid ſo himſelf, as how the firſt time he ſaw her was in that place.) P. 91.—85.

Many take great omens from the place where they firſt ſee the objects of their affections. *Chryſoſtom*'s firſt view of *Marcella*, was from the Cork-tree-fountain; but it proved an unfortunate one for him. The rock was an emblem of her obdurate heart; the cork-tree, of her levity, inconſtancy, volubility, and hupernatability. And laſtly, the fountain was a proof from its conſtant flowing, that nothing could be done. It had been better far (had fortune been ſo much his friend) to have ſeen her riſing from gathering of a *roſe*, or in the very cropping of a flower, or (what is ſtill more certain and fortunate) collecting a whole noſegay. Beſides this, the proverb was in his favour, (which plainly, and not parabolically, lays down the beginning of love) and doubtleſs would have proved auſpicious, for in the progreſs

greſs of a ſmall time, it muſt have come to a wedding.

Many have had their firſt views upon a *May-day* in the morning, which being heretofore ſacred to *Flora*, in purſuance of her ceremonies have been favoured with a *green-gown*, which has brought ſtrange things about in due ſeaſon. Some have had their firſt views in a church; for an inſtance of which, take the following.

A gentleman ſtanding at the door of a pew, in which ſat a beautiful young lady, was ſtruck with her charms, and inſtantly received the pleaſing impreſſion from the god of love. The lady paid great attention to the preacher; while the gentleman paid his devotion to her beauty, and having a book and pencil with him, began to take down the lines of her face. This he repeated daily, till he at laſt drew her exact picture. She had ſeveral times obſerved his conſtant zeal, ſuppoſing he was taking down the notes of the ſermon; which raiſed her curioſity, and drew her attention from the preacher to him, till at laſt, ſhe found ſhe could not withſtand the pious rhetoric of his eyes, by which faſcination he firſt tranſmitted the venemous qualities of his warm affections. He finding ſome gracious returns of her bright luminaries, and favourable aſpects, gazed ſometimes

ſo

ſo long, that he forgot his table till eye-checked to his duty. In proceſs of time, he came to nearer colloquies, and they ſpoke not by eyes, but by lips, whereby the impulſes of his deſires were ſo powerful, that ſhe became wholly devoted to this religious ſervant; who, when he had carried his point, told her what his notes were, and ſhewed her the faireſt lines that ever were drawn in ſhort hand. The lady ſeeing her face ſo well done, chid him for his hypocriſy, and bid him do ſo no more; but charged him to try if he could not copy one like himſelf and her too.

He was very knowing in the ſcience of the ſtars, and what paſſed betwixt the ſun and moon, and the heavens.) P. 92.—86.

As *Chryſoſtom* was ſkilled in aſtronomy, he ſhould have taught his coy and cruel *Marcella* ſome of his aſtrological *poſtures*, and he probably might have carried his *point*, and not have died with grief and diſappointment. Where were his brains that he never *caſt* her, or her nativity? His knowledge was not extenſive, if he could not read in thoſe bright characters, what would be the event of his own ſuit. He ſhould have found out what conjunctions happened at her birth: Whether *Venus* was croſs-legged; or *Saturn* coſtive; or *Mars* melancholy (as he always is after a

con-

conjunction with *Venus*) or *Mercury* honeſt; for in this caſe, whoever attempts to gain a woman's affections, or to ſteal a maid, will be unſucceſsful. So alſo, will it prove if *Luna* is in the *wane*, for that blows good to no one. And if *Jupiter* is not jovial, or *Sol* in his *mubble-fubbles*, or in a total eclipſe, there is little buſineſs for the midwife, for *Sol et homo generant hominem*, though men go to work at ſun-ſetting. *Chryſoſtom* had not the *Hocas Pocas* of aſtrology; he could not ſhuffle the ephemerides nimbly, and make the ſtars move with a *Palabras*, or a *Falathra*, according to the wiſhes of the ignorant enquirers.

Our *modern* conjurers go far beyond poor *Chryſoſtom*, they correſpond with the chambermaids, inſtead of the ſtars, and learn from them, what they prognoſticate to their enquiring and credulous miſtreſſes. *Abigal* diſcovers her lady's dreams and inclinations, and then *Albumazar* retails them at what rate, and in what manner he pleaſes. If this does not do, or he cannot have an aſſiſtance of this ſort, he peremptorily pronounces her doom, deſtined, and ſtar-aſſigned to one, whom ſhe will meet at ſuch a time, in ſuch a place, with ſuch a ſhape, and in ſuch a ſuit of cloaths (which deſcription probably was given

given him by the ſoliciting humble ſervant of the lady, who, prior to her interview with the doctor, had bribed his mercenary tongue) this paſſes for the irreſiſtible decrees of fate, and the wedding is inſtantly agreed on and concluded; for as it was ſigned in heaven, it muſt be ſealed on earth.

He would ſay, this year you muſt ſow barley and no wheat.) P. 93.—87.

Country people are generally very credulous, and ſuperſtitiouſly attend to the ridiculous predictions of *Almanack-makers*. A ſeaſonable *Almanack*, gains more reputation, than the learning of a *Newton*, or the wiſdom of our univerſities. If the *Calender* ſays *fair*, *wet*, *windy*, *indifferent*, *mixt*, or *altogether*, they will quarrel with the ſtars, if they make not good what the *Almanack* has promiſed; though ſometimes in point of eclipſes, they think the writer *contoxicated*, as they ſay. The great author of all things, who made the day, is not once thought of, unleſs every thing agrees with the *Almanack*, which is the God they adore, if it prognoſticks a good *ſeed* and *harveſt-time*.

Not many months after he came from Salamanca, he appeared all of a ſudden in ſhepherd-weeds, with his woolly jacket, and a flock of ſheep,

ſheep, having laid aſide the long dreſs of a ſtudent.) P. 93.—87.

He changed his coat, and from a *black* became a *grey* friar. O love! what a pudder haſt thou made in this world below; and in that above too! If we believe the ſtories of *Jupiter*'s ſhapes and eſcapes. If a lady is ſurprized, with I pray *Jove*, it be *John* in the very fact, ſhe is a *Lucreece*, a goddeſs of chaſtity; while *Amphitryo* is made a *Jupiter*, and takes one of his principal attributes from hence (even *Capitolinus*) and when he is ſo worſhipped, he wears horns, which ſignify not as ſome vulgarly imagine knaviſhly, but according to the *Hebrew* ſignification) light, ſhining, glorious, or tranſparent.

This whining paſſion of ſhepherds, was very ancient among the *Arcadians*, who were the firſt pipers that we read of; but they ſucceeded better than *Chryſoſtom*, for they made their nymphs dance after their muſic, two or three to a flute; for the firſt age was *Polygamous*. They were ſtout lads, and more than *Cock-a-twos*.

Chryſoſtom the defunct was ſuch a great man at compoſing couplets, that he made Carols for Chriſtmas-Eve.) P. 93.—87.

Such

Such kind of ſongs as our *Waſſallers* tone upon that ancient feſtival; for a ſpecimen of which, take the following ſtanza:

God reſt you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you diſmay;
Remember Chriſt our Saviour,
Was born of a Chriſtmas-Day, &c.

Chryſoſtom's poetry could not be much more elevated, for the ſubject and reward was but a ſpice bowl; however, they pleaſed excellently well, for *Pedro* declares, every body ſaid, that they were *tip-top*.

——————You might ſafely ſwear,
This verſe he wrote in wine, and this in beer.

When the people of the village ſaw the two ſcholars ſo ſuddenly cloathed like ſhepherds, they were ſurpriſed, and could not gueſs their reaſon for ſuch an odd change.) P. 93.—87.

A ſtrange metamorphoſis, once happened to an old knight; who notwithſtanding the ſilver items on each ſide his face, and argent pendents of his chin, reſolved to ſtumble in at *lovers-hole*, before he fell into the hole which laſts till dooms-day. He ſo paſſionately purſued his affection and inclinations, that he changed his ancient garb, and dreſſed himſelf *al-a-mode*. A ſtrange and unnatural

natural transformation. *Hercules* was not more effeminate, when he turned *ſpinſter* to cozen *Omphale*. He alſo cut off his reverend beard, and ſmoothed his cheeks, and with a black-lead comb, changed the colour of thoſe hairs which were *ſenatorian*, and like a ſilver ſnow had covered his head ten years beyond the climacterick; and laſtly, though he could ſcarcely walk without crutches, he attempted to dance without *meaſure:* And all this (like *Chryſoſtom*) was done to gain the affection of a delicate young lady, who, to her beauty, had wit and judgment alſo, and knew that a gentleman of four and twenty was a more agreeable companion than old *Æſon*.

Methinks I ſee her now with that face of her's, which ſeemed to have the ſun on one ſide, and the moon on the other.) P. 94.—88.

By *Pedro*'s account of *Marcella*'s mother, it is evident he was no relation to him that keeps the keys where theſe planets ſhine. What a heavenly face was this? wherein the *ſun* and *moon* muſt ever be in eclipſe! the interpoſition of the noſe being but ſmall, and not caſting a ſufficient ſhadow for a dial. It is not to be doubted, but her whole perſon was adorned with a number of ſtars, by way of beauty-ſpots; and if this was the

caſe, thoſe leſſer luminaries formed the *Via Lactea*, or *milky-way*; to which we refer the man (uſually in the concave of the moon) but now ſomewhat *eccentrick*; for it would have ſpoiled the *moony* ſide of her face, to have had the portraiture of a man there; beſide the croſſing of the proverb, for the woman died in child-bed. But what of that? *Sol et homo* (as is ſaid before) *generant hominem*, as was here done; *homo* being Latin either for man or woman, and a woman was born at this time. Had the man been in the *moon*, it might have been *Luna et homo generant*; but this might have ſet the *ſun* and the *moon*, and the *man* in the *moon*, together by the ears, with old *William* into the bargain, about the legitimacy of *Marcella*. But they both died, ſhe firſt, and her huſband ſoon after; and according to *Pedro*'s account, it is a wonder the world did not end with her, for no doubt but the *ſun* and *moon* were both extinguiſhed at her death; and this we are told, is to be the ſign of the world's diſſolution.

But he, who, to give him his due, was a good Chriſtian, although he wanted to diſpoſe of her as ſoon as ſhe came to the age fit for matrimony, would not give her away, without her own conſent.) P. 95.—89.

Old

Old *William* and his *Aſtronomia* being dead, *Marcella*'s uncle, the prieſt, was made guardian to this fallen ſtar, which at her mother's departure to the firmament, droped by the way. Her uncle was a man of ſenſe, and though he was not willing to force her to marry, he knew the folly of letting a young woman lye upon hands like over-blown roſes, till their beauty is withered, and they become contemptible. A ſeaſonable application (ſays the ſhepherd of *Banbury*) is good. I ſhall illuſtrate this note with a ſhort put appoſite tale.

There was a gentleman, whoſe number of daughters taught him prudence and diſcretion, and led him to ſearch into the natures and diſpoſitions of his family. He found, on examination, that the youngeſt was the moſt forward, and therefore he ſought out for a huſband for her; and forthwith got a *Principiis obſta*, as they call it in phyſic, or as ſome ſay, an *Intus exiſtens prohibet alienum*. The damſel, overjoyed at her good fortune, when the happy day was fixed, became ſo elated and ſo impatient, that ſhe went and invited her friends and relations to the wedding herſelf. They were ſurprized, conſidering her age, and more eſpecially as ſhe was the youngeſt; and aſked her how it came about, that ſhe was to be married before her elder ſiſters?

To which ſhe anſwered, ſimpering, that her father, who knew her from an egg, gave a very good reaſon for it, though ſhe did not know his meaning; "for he ſaid," continues ſhe, "that ſome eggs will hatch in an oven; and that in hot weather, things will not keep without ſalt."

Neither had he a view in deferring her marriage, to the gain and advantage which he might enjoy in managing the girl's fortune.) P. 95. —89.

The worldly parents of theſe days, are rather huckſters than parents, and make markets of their children. A *quantum dabis*, on their heads, putting them off to the beſt bidder, without reſpect to years, compliance, or affection. So the lands are coupled, the eſtates joined, and the parchments ſealed; it is no matter whether the parties come together in any other ſheets. Like *Sampſon*'s foxes, if ever they meet, it is with firebrands in their tails. *Matches* made in the minority of both parties, or from intereſted motives only, are like thoſe in a tinder-box, of a ſhort flame, and ſoon go out. Miſerable is the condition of two ſo joined; eſpecially, if the female's experienced, fond, and indulgent mother, has told her daughter before marriage, what ſhe is to expect after it. There are ſuch idiots in

in the world, who think it their duty to give their daughters ſuch information, though it is ten to one, but it lays a foundation for their future unhappineſs.

Whenever any one of them comes to diſcloſe his intention, let it be ever ſo juſt and holy, even marriage itſelf, ſhe throws him from her like a ſtone from a ſling.) P. 97.—90.

Marcella was not like the damſel in the Eclogues.

Quæ fugit ad ſalices, ſed ſe cupit ante videri.

Who flew into a buſh, her head to hide,
But glad with all her heart ſhe was eſpy'd.

She was a ſullen ſhepherdeſs, and meant to preſerve her chaſtity, till ſhe was impregnable for ought ſhe knew; for if a woman be forty-fied, or rather fifty-fied, the attempt is as difficult and hazardous as the ſiege of *Oſtend*.

Not far from this place there is a tuft of about a dozen of tall beeches, upon every one of which you may read engraved the name of Marcella.) P. 97.—91.

Of theſe kind of inſcriptions and love knots, the *Arcadia* is full. Could we ſee the beeches *Pedro* ſpeaks of, we ſhould find them excellently well cut by *Chryſoſtom*'s own hand,

as monuments of his true love, and her cruelty, in the curious ænigmatical manner of the ancients, as follows:

CHRYSO——MAR
and
STOM——CELLA.

CHAP. V.

For which reason it cannot be proved, that from that period to this, any Englishman has killed a raven.) P. 100.—94.

IN the passage from whence the note is taken, *Quixote* mentions an ancient tradition of king *Arthur*, which says he was, by the art of inchantment, metamorphosed into a *raven*. This explains the assertion in the *text*.

The translation of king *Arthur* into a raven, is greatly to be doubted, notwithstanding *Quixote* affirmed it was generally believed all over *Great-Britain*. Had it been true, the sagacious *Almanack-makers* of that age, would certainly have made the *raven* a *sign* in the *Ephemerides*. How it escaped *Lilly* is wonderful, unless the *raven* was a *white* one.

Sir

Sir Knight-errant, methinks your worſhip profeſſes one of the ſtricteſt orders upon earth, nay, I will affirm more ſtrict than that of the Carthuſian Friars.) P. 101.—95.

By the length of *Quixote*'s orations, they may be ſtiled *Ciceronian.* The preſent buſineſs ſeems to be whether *monkery*, or *knight-errantry*, is the hardeſt life. I ſhall therefore ſuppoſe *Vivaldo* to be a monk, and make him and the Don canvaſs the matter over, in a ſhort dialogue in verſe, till the reader is convinced, by the pregnancy of their arguments, and yields to that which his judgment moſt inclines him to.

VIVALDO.

I don't attempt to rail, I will be civil,
Tho' I encounter with incarnate devil!
Knight-errants rank with holy monks! what hopes
From our ſhav'd heads, courſe cloaths, and girded ropes?
If one, whoſe hands are purple with manſlaughter,
Shall mix in Paradiſe with monks hereafter.

QUIXOTE.

Father, I ſay not ſo, I'll ne'er deſire
To come to your's, or good St. *Thony*'s fire.

Enjoy

Enjoy your *Limbus* to yourſelves, I know
You well deſerve ſuch fate for living ſo;
Barely and baſe I mean, yet for all that,
(Sure 'tis God's bleſſing) you're all very fat:
If that your *Limbus* be a fat'ning fire,
Fly quickly there, you'll make a jolly friar.

VIVALDO.

Not ſo much haſte, Knight-errant, you run poſt,
Alas! you never read of wand'ring ghoſt;
One of your brother Knights, who ſtrangely died,
And never to his God for mercy cry'd;
Now he may wander on the Stygian verge,
And ne'er be able to procure a dirge.
We are content to live within our cell,
Praying for ſuch as you, who merit hell;
And in your deſp'rate phrenzy do ſuch deeds,
As put us monks to counting of our beads.

QUIXOTE.

My trade is fighting, Sir, I never pray,
I have not been devout this many day;
When I invoke, it is my lady fair,
To beg her bleſſing on my toil and care;
Or when ſome giant, with a ſtump of tree,
Attacks me, then to her I bow my knee:

This

This does the work, I conquer at a ſtroke,
Confound all weapons, whether ſteel or oak.

VIVALDO.

Is this devotion? 'twere a ſin to ſmile;
Invoke your miſtreſs! you your ſoul beguile!
You muſt addreſs ſome other kind of ſaints,
As are departed life, they know our wants
And feel them too.—They liv'd on earth *cum-vobis*,
Theſe ſupplicate, *Orat'*, *Orat'*, *pro nobis*.
O Sancta Clara, *Bridget*, *Frances*, *Win*,
And thou *Loretto*, guard me from all ſin;
And pray good *Cath'rine* (who did mind your wheel)
That I by fumes of drink may never reel;
O pray all ſaints, all ages, and all ſexes,
Againſt all evil that the ſoul perplexes.

QUIXOTE.

What tho' I ſay no hymns, nor *Ave-Maries*,
I faſt, or feed on diet like the Fairies;
Sancho ſhall witneſs it to good *St. Peter*,
That when I have to eat, I'm no great eater.
I've read of *Peter*'s ſheet, and large proviſion,
But I was ne'er in any ſuch condition;

Sheets

Sheets I renounce, and victuals I have none,
Sancho produce the wallet—See, all's gone!
Who doth endure ſo much? ſee how I'm batter'd,
Beat black and blue, gall'd, wither'd, torn and ſhatter'd:
Show me, throughout the world, ſo rare a ſight
As I at preſent am, although a Knight.

VIVALDO.

I grant you *errants*, are a rueful tribe,
Like wand'ring *Jews*, indeed, without a gibe;
And tho' you often want, and want be laſting,
You cannot ſay 'tis a religious faſting.
But we a thouſand *Ave-Maries* ſay,
And day by day, and night by night we pray:
We faſt like you, altho' we've ſtore of wine,
And can, whene'er we pleaſe on dainties dine;
Yet, in the ſight and ſmell of a full kitching,
We to our croſſes go, pennance and breeching.
All this, and more, by us is to be done,
Beſides confeſſing with each pretty *Nun*;

And

And when we've mortified and tamed the flesh,
We feed with stomachs good, as they who thresh.

Enough of poetry; we will go to prose again, for neither in verse or prose, sea or land, high-way or field, must a Knight-errant be worsted; and there is no knowing how this dispute may end, for he who attacks a monk, may almost as well wage war with the devil; therefore I leave the issue of the dispute doubtful and conclude;

Et vitulo tu dignus et hic.

Quixote's religion (though not his food) was very much like that of *Chaucer*'s physician,

Whose meat was very good—digestible,
But not a word he utter'd from the Bible.

There are few Christians of the order of Knight-errantry, for they are generally Apostates, or voluntary *Mahometans*, and subscribe to the *Alcoran:* For according to the principles of that fabulous book, they *Knight-erranted* it from this world to the next, with a *Dulcinea* here, to a *Dulcinea* there, and changed *Toboso* for *Paradiso*.

I affirm,

I affirm, that there never could be a Knight-errant without a miſtreſs; for to be in love is as natural and peculiar to them, as the ſtars are to the heavens.) P. 104.—97.

Your *Hectors*, and *Herculeans*, are all of them *Pamphilians*, or univerſal ſervants of the ladies. There are, indeed, a ſort of men called *Soliſidians*, who make vows of conſtancy to one ſingle piece of ſurpaſſing excellency. Of this order was *Don Quixote*; yet, I believe the reader will preſently find, that his integrity was liable to ſuſpicion, as will appear by his purſuit of *Marcella*; for had he overtaken her (after his late feaſt on goats-fleſh) it is imagined he would have felt *Caprizans pulſus*.

Sancho alone believed that every thing his maſter ſaid was true.) P. 107.—100.

Though *Sancho* did not think himſelf under an obligation to ſecond every thing his maſter ſaid, yet he had the modeſty to let it paſs. *Davus* had no better commendation than *fides et Taciturnitas*. A *Spaniſh* ſhrug will ſhift off a lie, as well as other things.

This is the body of Chryſoſtom, who was a man of unparalelled genius.) P. 108.—101.

We

We muſt now be very grave and ſerious, being at a funeral, and the celebrated *Chryſoſtom*'s body a ſpectacle of mortality before us. *Ambroſio* is to entertain us with a paſtoral oration for his deceaſed brother ſhepherd (ſlain by the negative voice of the cruel *Marcella*) in the lamentable tones of the *wild* Iriſhmens *O Hones*. As for exemple; *O Hone, O Hone!* why wouldeſt thou die, good *Chryſoſtom?* Hadſt thou not ſheep and oxen, I and cows, yea, even red cows? (whoſe milk is good againſt conſumptions.) Hadſt thou not orchards and gardens, how canſt thou die? Was not thy father and mother dead, and did not they leave thee all their wealth, why then wilt thou die? *O Hone!* Hadſt thou not more wit than all thy friends, neighbours, and kindred? Why then wouldeſt thou die, and leave us fools behind thee? But *O Hone!* we will follow thee even unto that very place, where thou didſt firſt receive thy death's wound by the denial of a cruel woman.

* *This was no other than the ſhepherdeſs Marcella, who appeared upon the top of the rock,*

---

* That the reader may not be puzzled in referring to the paſſages from whence the texts are taken,

rock, just above the grave they were digging, so beautiful that she surpassed all report.) P. 114.—107.

See where bright *Cynthia* shines, but hark!
Tho' the moon shines, the dogs will bark.
Don *Quixote* view'd her shape and air,
Yet thought his dirty *Dul'* as fair;
While *Sancho*, tho' a stupid block,
Wish'd to be with her on the rock.

Ambrosio was impatient at the sight of her, and began to abuse her, and in the language of *Billingsgate*, railed at her immaculate fame and firm constancy, which was not to be shaken any more than the rock on which she stood. *Bona verba*, good *Ambrosio*; what downright *Basilisk*, merciless *Nero*, *Tullia*, &c. &c. Who would have looked for such *Nectar* with *Ambrosio?*

---

taken, it is necessary to observe, that Dr. Smollet has divided this Second Book, into five Chapters only; Mr. Jarvis into six. This difference may prevent a ready reference, in this place especially; for as I have taken my texts from Dr. Smollet's translation, I have divided my chapters in the same manner; but if the reader has recourse to the numbers at the end of each text, no mistake can happen through the whole book.

I come

I come not, anſwered Marcella, for any of the purpoſes you have mentioned, Ambroſio; but rather perſonally to demonſtrate how unreaſonably people blame me for their own affliction, as well as for the death and ſufferings of Chryſoſtom.) P. 114.—107.

This ſpeech is a pure defence of reſolved virginity, rigid conſtancy, and an obſtinate reſolution, to gather nuts all the vacation long; which are very ſtiptical, and conſequently, they that feed on them, are naturally coſtive and ſeldom looſe. This fair *Hyppolyta*, dedicated herſelf to the woods and forreſts, where exerciſe, continual labour, and variety, give check to all thoſe paſſions, which a ſedentary and lazy life is ſubject to.

And if hope be the food of deſire, as I gave none to Chryſoſtom, or to any other perſon, ſo neither can his death, nor that of any other of my admirers, be juſtly imputed to my cruelty, but rather, to their own obſtinate deſpair.) P. 116.—109.

Chryſoſtom was only to be blamed in the preſent caſe, for he would not take his anſwer. She told him ſhe could not love him, or any one elſe; but this Pagan ſcholar would not believe a woman in the negative to her own good. Doubtleſs he had read of ſome one, who ſaid, ſhe would embrace fire and

faggot, rather that ſuch a one; but in a fortnight, having forgot the imprecation, has been tied and bound to the abhorred ſtake. The ſhepherd's *mulieri ne credas* here failed, for *Marcella* was reſolute to her *quanquam.*

She ought to be honoured and eſteemed by all virtuous men, as the only perſon in the univerſe, who lives in ſuch a chaſte and laudable intention.) 118.—111.

Here the reader muſt begin to ſmell a rat. For if *Marcella* was the only perſon in the univerſe, who led a chaſte life, what was *Dulcinea?* Doubtleſs, no better than ſhe ſhould be, as we vulgarly ſay; pray heaven ſhe was ſo good! the Don could not forget himſelf, for it was in the morning, and being freſh and faſting, his head was clear, or ought to have been ſo.

Who was reſolved to have the following Epitaph engraved upon it.) P. 118.—111.

The Epitaph deſigned for *Chryſoſtom* by *Ambroſio*, may be ſeen in the hiſtory of Don *Quixote.* But *Cervantes* forgot to give his readers one which was written by *Marcella.* In order to render this book as compleat as poſſible, I think it my duty to introduce it.

Marcella's

Marcella's EPITAPH on *Chryſoſtom*,

Againſt this tree doth lie a ſwain,
Who, died indeed, but lov'd in vain;
He hop'd t'have been *Marcella*'s lord,
But died upon a cruel word.
Marcella wiſh'd him longer life,
Tho' ſhe refus'd to be his wife:
Yet if his duſt content can have,
She'll mingle aſhes in the grave;
For when it is her welcome turn,
What bed denied, ſhe'll give his urn.

End of the SECOND BOOK.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

And leaving the aſs and Rozinante at pleaſure to regale themſelves with the rich paſture, emptied their knapſack, and without any ceremony, attacked the contents, which they ate together like good friends, laying aſide all vain diſtinction of maſter and man.) P. 121.—113.

THE Don purſued *Marcella* into the wood, but ſhe was too nimble for him. She had been accuſtomed to chace the wild boar, and followed the ſwift-footed ſtag, and therefore it is not to be wondered at, that an over-ridden ſtallion, and a tame aſs, could not reach her. Horſe and aſſes being tired with the fruitleſs purſuit, they declined it, and comforted themſelves (though they could not obtain the lady) that they had found a pleaſant, delightful meadow, where having loſt the pleaſure of one ſenſe (viz. that of feaſting their eyes with *Marcella*'s beauty) they thought it high time to provide for the maintainance of the reſt;

———*Strato diſcumbiter Oſtro:*

They

They laid themſelves down, and fell to it, hail fellow well met. *Sancho* proved the nimbleſt feeder, having his noſe ſeldom out of the manger; for the Don was gazing about for adventures, and therefore did not follow his blow (or rather ſtroke) ſo that *Sancho* here was the Knight of the meadow, though at other times only Squire of the high-way.

It was then that Rozinante ſeized with an inclination to ſolace himſelf with ſome of theſe ſkittiſh females, no ſooner had them in the wind, than deviating from his natural diſpoſition, and accuſtomed deliberation, without aſking leave of his lord and maſter, he went off at a ſmall trot, to communicate his occaſions to the objects of his deſire.) P. 121.—114.

Rozinante was not abſolutely run off his mettle; he was backed to enterprizes, and therefore boldly attempted to attack the *Gallician* fillies. But this was a great error in the *Cephal-errant*, for by order of his horſehood, he ſhould have relieved the mares, who were oppreſſed and overladen with heavy packs, he being the Horſe-errant of the only lady-relieving Knight-errant in the whole world. The Don was generally worſted in his encounters, and ſo it proved with the horſe, for the *Yanguesian* carriers flew to the aſſiſtance of their mares, who had hitherto defended

defended themſelves from this foul raviſher with their heels, which is more than ſome rational creatures will do on ſimilar occaſions. They fell on *Rozinante* ſo violently, that they ſoon brought him to the ſtool of repentance, and never was poor beaſt ſo hampered for wicked intentions.

True it is, at the ſecond application, Sancho fell to the earth; a misfortune that alſo happened to his maſter.) P. 122.—115.

Sancho had more ſenſe than his maſter, for though he loved him very much, he was unwilling to meddle with the carriers. He ſaw their ſuperior number, and heard the blows given to *Rozinante*; and though he was tickled with the government of the iſland, yet he perceived it was a deſperate cauſeway that was to conduct him thither, and that he was likely to undergo very ſtrict dicipline, before he would be able to exerciſe any himſelf. The truth of theſe fears were fully proved in the preſent caſe, for though he was ſpurred on with hopes by the couragious inſpirations of his maſter, and exerted all his ſtrength, yet what were *Hercules* and *Lycas*, againſt twelve labours (or rather labourers) at once? *Sancho* was of opinion at firſt, that it would diſgrace their hiſtory to engage in a horſe-quarrel; and ſo it turned out. *Rozinante*

zinante lay breathleſs on the ground, and cloſe by him the Don, not able to ſtir hand or foot; and *Sancho* lay at a diſtance with his face to the ground, being aſhamed to look to heaven, or upon man or beaſt after this ignoble victory.

The carriers perceiving the havock they had made, thought proper to load again with all diſpatch, and purſue their journey.) P. 122.—115.

Fuga eſt pro culpâ: A guilty conſcience has a thouſand judges, juries, and witneſſes. But who was to make hue and cry after the carriers, who was to raiſe the country? It being betwixt ſun and ſun, the country was liable to pay damages; but it was ſecure as to that matter, for *cantabit vacuus.* The Don feared no robbing, and as for the brutes, they were not worth ſtealing. Nothing was taken from them, the damage lay in what was given them; and this neither the hundreds nor thouſands could remove. *Sancho*, by his affliction got experience, and being wiſer than his maſter, remembered him of the balſam made by Fairyblas, and it is a wonder how his head, being ſo diſordered, could contain ſo hard a word.

"In how many days does your worſhip think we ſhall be able to move our feet?" ſaid the Squire.

Squire. "*With regard to myſelf,*" *anſwered the battered Knight,* "*I really cannot fix any number of days.*") P. 123.—115.

Statutum eſt ſemel mori. The Don knew that; but as for the *ſtati dies* of a ſickneſs, the beginnings, declinings, and perfections of a diſeaſe, he was as much to ſeek as for his balſam: but, *pares in culpâ, pares in pænâ,* like maſter like man. Confeſſion is the firſt *ſtep* to repentance, and though neither of them could move a *foot,* yet it was real; and as for *Sancho,* he came to an abſolute reſolution never to play ſuch a prank again. But the Don was of a contrary opinion, for he was determined to intail theſe inferior encounters on *Sancho* for the future, as they too much degraded him as a Knight, and therefore were more compatible with his Squire.

What would become of thy wretched affairs, if after I had won and given it into thy poſſeſſion, thou ſhouldeſt fruſtrate my intention, by thy lack of knighthood, ambition, valour, and courage, to revenge thy wrongs, or defend thy government?) P. 124.—117.

The Don upbraids *Sancho* excellently well, and excites his coward-ſpirits, by promiſing him the government of an iſland, which, by the bye, *Sancho* ſeemed diſpoſed to relinquiſh, rather

rather than undergo another ſuch beating: But *Quixote*'s orations could not raiſe the Squire's ſpirits, nor even his body from the ground. *Rozinante* was concluded the author of theſe laſt miſchiefs.

——*Equo ne credite Teucri.*

But *Sancho* was reſolved to humble him, if low diet would do it, for he determined to interdict him from oats, and all flatulent and erecting food, for ſome time at leaſt; but had *rem* been proved in *re*, his mouth would have been excommuned provender for ever; for an unchaſte beaſt can never, with true propriety, carry the body of a Knight-errant through his virgin-reſcuing adventures. However, *Rozinante* himſelf paid dearly for his laſciviouſneſs, for it is dolorous to relate, in what variety of agony he lay ſhifting from ſide to ſide; and the ſight of his maſter, lying in a worſe condition, was double grief to him.

Tormentum miſeris ſocios habuiſſe doloris.

All theſe inconveniences are inſeparably annexed to the exerciſe of arms.) P. 125.—118.

Theſe inconveniences were too many and too heavy, to conduce much to the exerciſe of his *arms*, ſides, back, or legs: For in the

the prefent cafe, all the parts of his body were in a parity of fuffering; not by compaffion or fympathy, but by the proper anguifh of each particular joint and member, otherwife, fome unexercifed member (like the undipped heel of *Achilles*) had been enough to have overthrown the whole. The continual baftings of the Don, may very aptly be compared to the daily foufing of that valiant *Greek*'s body, in the inchanted bath for *invulneration*. If glafs can be fo indurated by fire, as to withftand all force, certainly the bodies of Knight-errants may become folidated by perpetual contufions, and in time be inferrible. *Milo*, by carrying calves, improved his ftrength to the burthen of a bull: *Atlas*, by fuch ftupendious burthen-bearing, came to be porter to heaven itfelf; and *Hercules*, his fub-porter. The Don, from what he indured, is the next in reverfion to *Hercules*, *nemine contradicente*.

Befides, I would have thee know, Sancho, that it is never reckoned an affront to be wounded by thofe inftruments which are cafually in the hands of our enemies.) P. 126.—119.

———*Mene* Iliacis *occumbere campas*
Non potuiffe, tuaque animam hanc effundere dextra.

Had

Had I but fall'n in Trojan fields,
Cover'd with myrmidons rich ſhields,
Where Hector in his blood lay grav'ling,
Slain by Achilles luſtly jav'lin.

There was the honour of it, to fall by the ſpear of *Achilles*; this was field honour, but it was no diſhonour (in the Don's opinion) nor even in the heralds court of Knight-errantry, to meet with a *pack-ſtaff* ſalutation. The battle with the carriers was no legal combat (judge all maſters of defence) for the weapons were not named in the bill, nor produced upon the ſtage. It was mere *chance-medley*, and miſapplication of tools. This was great comfort to the Don; he was reputation ſound however. A hundred ſuch diſaſters as this, are but miſdemeanours in Knight-errantry, and can never amount to an attainder.

Such carriage will be no diſhonour to chivalry.) P. 128.—120.

Neceſſity hath no law. *Quixote* was not able to ride, had *Rozinante* been able to carry him, and, therefore, was obliged to be thrown acroſs *Sancho*'s aſs. But he thought it no diſgrace, as he remembered a preſident for it; and in order to reconcile the proud ſpirit of

his Squire to it, he is ſuppoſed to have diſcourſed him in the following manner, which is not improbable, though not mentioned in the hiſtory.

"Friend *Sancho*, you perchance may grieve and think it improper to behold me on your aſs, eſpecially, as I hang acroſs like a wallet; but if thou didſt conſider that I intend, after the next glorious defeat, to go to *Madrid*, and there take the order of the *Golden Fleece*, thou wouldeſt not think it ſtrange, that before hand, I conform myſelf to the ceremony, which is the moſt ancient of all orders in the world. You perhaps, *Sancho*, may reply, that it is uncomely for me to ride in this manner. Doubtleſs it would be ſo in ſome caſes, but you know I have been accuſed by *Vivaldo*, of want of devotion, therefore I am now reſolved to acquit myſelf of that charge; and though I am *Kim Kam*, yet it is more than hath been related of any Knight-errant that ever I read of; which determines me (for luck-ſake in future) to croſs all my adventures in the poſture I now lye acroſs the aſs; being aſſured, that it will defeat all inchanters, giants, carriers, and wind-mills, whenever they attempt to prevail over us. And though I do not *ad Sydera tollere vultus*, yet my pains and groans reach thither,

thither, and I look thus down in defiance of all hellifh confederacies, from whence they fpring."

CHAP. II.

The inn-keeper feeing Don Quixote laid athwart the afs, afked what was the matter? to which interrogation Sancho *replied,* " *nothing but a few bruifes which my mafter has received in a fall from a rock in this neighbourhood.)* P. 130.—122.

THrough the wit of *Sancho*, our Knight of the *Fleece*, or rather *fleeced* Knight, becomes a *Rupe-cadente*, or *rock-falling* Knight; or Knight of the *Precipice*, or Knight of the *Downfall*; for any of thefe attributes or titles were fuitable to him: And in this cafe *Sancho*, with great propriety, might be ftiled the Squire of the *Quarry*.

Don Quixote having laid himfelf down, was anointed from head to foot by the good woman and her daughter, while Maritornes ftood hard by holding a light.) P. 131.—123.

Maritornes the *Auftrian* held the candle, and from the defcription *Cervantes* gives of her, fhe was a fit fervant to hold it to the devil. By the benefit of this light they faw,

Monſtrum, horrendum, ingens, cuique eſt Un' auris Adempta.

Theſe *Maukins* were not ſo modeſt as the good lady prioreſs, when a ſearch was made amongſt her *Nunns* for one, who under that diſguiſe, had made ſome of the ſiſters break their religious vows. For when the matron by accident in the cloſe examination, had her ſpectacles ſtruck from her noſe, ſhe did not venture to ſtare at the violation of the conventicle, but modeſtly held her hands before her eyes, and only through her fingers, ſaw, to her great grief, how raſh and inconſiderate ſuch vows are upon ſecond thoughts, and better meditation. However, they ſtand excuſed in ſome meaſure, for it is probable, from the Don's late ſufferings, they had leſs to wonder at than the lady prioreſs; though ſome people are amazed at trifles.

That may very eaſily happen, cried the daughter. I myſelf have often dreamed, that I was falling from a high tower, without ever coming to the ground.) P. 131.—123.

It was a tower with pinnacles then, which ſhe took care to hold faſtenough I will warrant her. But the jade recites the dream falſe, and in her own perſon, when it was her *Amoroſo*'s, the

the curate of the Parish; whom she sometimes gratified with a night's lodging. He dreamed that he fell into a well, and went down, and down, and down, but never came to the bottom; which fright rouzed him from his dream, and on the first motion, he moralized the *fable* of the *well.*

A knight-adventurer is a thing, that before you can count a couple, may be kicked and be crowned.) P. 132.—124.

Sancho might have said, "A knight-errant is, as you see, a creature, bruised, basted, swaddled, bed-ridden, and only fit for a mad-house." It has been a matter of much wonder from the account we have of *Maritornes*, that *Quixote* did not take her for the monster of the castle, and give her battle like *Hercules*; who when he ran about mad in his shirt dipped in the blood of *Nessus* attacked every living thing. She had more the appearance of a monster than a woman, being a sow of the largest breed. In head and ears, she was like an elephant, though neither so docile nor so wise as that creature, nor yet so serviceable; for in this case, *Quixote* would absolutely have renounced *Dulcinea*, and have taken *Maritornes*, who was able to carry more castles on her back, than he could have taken: Her face

was flat, and very much like an owl's, and her nose adunque like the over-grown beak of an eagle; nor was her voice more melodious than that bird's: Yet this younger sister to her at *Heidelberg*, was enamoured with the name of Knight-errant, and desired to know more of his nature; but *Sancho* described it in a villainous manner, discovering her inclinations, as he intended, very probably, to join issues with her himself.

And Don Quixote, for the same uncomfortable reason, lay like a hare with his eyes wide open.) P. 134.—126.

A thousand fears, fancies and chimeras, kept the Don not only like a hare in his eyes, but also in his brains; which being as vertiginous as a whirl-pool, presented ten thousand whirly-gigs, wind-mills, and turnpikes, to his errantick soul, so that by the strength of his imagination, and exalted fancy, he made sallies in the bed, and routed the flocks out of the dilacerated tick, which hung about his body like bees at a swarming, or flies got together in their winter quarters. Thus accoutred, this Knight-errant was rather a shepherd-errant, having his flocks about him.

Mean

Mean while the poor wench, confused and affrighted at the approach of her master, who was a fellow of a most savage disposition, retreated to the kennel of Sancho Panza.) P. 137.—129.

If one won't, another will. *Quiddere blunt*, quoth the old woman to the young man who complained of his wife's coyness, which is a corruption of *cœteri volunt*. *Maritornes* expected retaliation from *Sancho*, whom she had bathed with her own hands, and therefore was determined to be repaid with *oleum Anthropinum Hypogastrio applicatum*; and if she missed of her aim, she knew it was necessary to shelter herself under his *Abdominous* Penthouse, till her master's inquisitions were eluded: But old drowsy-pate slept soundly, except that he now and then groaned extremely, being *hag-ridden* by the *Austrian*'s incumbency, who having gathered herself into a circle about his umbilical hillock, hoped by her agglutination, and natural incantation, to have raised his spirits.

The carrier perceiving, by the light, the situation of his mistress, ran to her assistance.) P. 138.—129.

The miscarriages and lamentable catastrophe of this love-scene, calls to rememberance the

the following ſtory, of a foreigner who viſited the univerſity of *Oxford*, and in his perambulations about the city, paſſed through a place called *Seven-deadly-ſins-Lane*. As he had before ſeen the nurſery for learning and religion, he imagined this place contained a *ſhe-nurſery*; confident in this opinion, he knocked at a door, to which came a ſharp-noſed eager woman, unto whom he ſaid, "Madame, is *diſ te* houſe of *luſt?*" "Of *luſt* you rogue," ſaid the woman, who having a broom-ſtaff in her hand (with which ſhe and her huſband had been deciding the controverſy for the breeches) ſhe laid about her, and gave the foreigner a broken head for his broken Engliſh, whereat he ſtood corrected, and replied, "I be miſtake madame, I find *diſ be* not *te* houſe of *luſt*, but *te* houſe of *wrath*.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Enchanters never ſuffer themſelves to be ſeen.) P. 141.—133.

THE Don is right: Necromancy is *Deceptio viſus.* Neither *Fauſtus* or *Vandermaſt*, were viſible when they took the bowl out of the emperor's hand, as he lifted it to his head: A voice indeed was heard, *Multa cadunt inter calicem ſupremaque labra.* Nor was *Bacon* ſeen in the ſtudy when the brazen head ſpoke; which ſtudy to this day retains his name. But theſe were great ſcholars, and very different kind of men from what the vulgar imagined them to be. The deepeſt waters paſs on in ſilence; while ſhallow ſtreams, like ſhallow heads, make the moſt noiſe. *Gyges* had a ring which rendered him inviſible; not that he was ſo when *Candaules* (the fourth king of Lydia) ſhowed his queen naked to him; but the king might have ſaved his life, had he made his favourite put his ring on, for the queen was ſo incenſed at the tranſaction, that ſhe ordered *Gyges* to kill him, and then married the murderer, who by this

this means obtained a kingdom, and covered her nakedness.

He repeated over it more than fourscore Pater-nosters, with the like number of Ave-maria's, salve's and credo's, accompanying every word with the sign of the cross, by way of benediction.) P. 143.—135.

The fourscore Pater-Nosters, &c. were nothing more than the following lines, which were the charm, and virtuous operators of the grand effects in the balsam.

Neptune *Pater Equorum,*
Et tu Sol, *qui tenes lorum* ;
Quadrupedum ignivomorum,
Fac ut ego, qui sum Coram,
Vis vibicum et Dolorum,
Futurus Domitor Monstrorum,
Protector hominum, horum, harum, horum,
Virûm, Mulierum et Orphanorum,
Per hoc Balsamum, Opobalsamorum.
Invulneratus post hâc transeam,
Prim-as Militum Errantium.

This is to be said, or sung over the caldron, or whatever else it is made in, turning round a circle, (in which it is to be placed) with these words upon the border.

Octogintos

Octogintos octos per hæc verba,
Benedicetur quævis herba.

And being myſtically performed, according to the *Spaniſh* mode of incantations, the *Simples* receive their wondrous virtues and qualities, which no doubt operated very powerfully on the Knight, who was one of the *ſimpleſt* in the whole world, and therefore moſt likely to be cured by them.

This mighty balſam, call'd Fierabras,
All Æſculapian *tricks did far ſurpaſs;*
And was in fact, the med'cine Catholick,
To cure all wounds receiv'd by ſword or ſtick.

Sancho Panza *ſeeing his maſter recovered to a miracle, begged he would beſtow upon him the ſediment of the pot, which was no ſmall quantity.)* P. 144.—135.

The violence of the balſam's operation on the Don, ſo reduced his ſtrength, that he ſlept three hours after it, which was more than he had done ſince he firſt ſet out a wool-gathering: When he waked, he was greatly recover- and therefore his over-wiſe Squire begged a doſe for himſelf, ſuppoſing as it had worked a miracle on his maſter, that it would perform a won-

a wonder at leaſt with him. Full of this hope, he ſwallowed the whole of the remains in the pot, being willing to have enough, like the wench who deſired to be well uſed by the apothecary, and had ſo much given her (for God's ſake, by the knaviſh boy,) over and above the preſcribed quantity, that ſhe wiſhed the devil might take him for his courteſy. So *Sancho*, by over drenching himſelf, found it operate with more violence than it had done with his maſter, and therefore curſed the balſam, and the miſcreant that made it; not conſidering (like the *French* doctor) that the ſame phyſic has different effects on different conſtitutions.——If *de* body (ſaid he) be full of *de* groſs humours, and it operates exceſſively, *all de better for dat*; and if *de* phyſic does not ſtir *de* patient, it is a good ſign *dat de* groſs humours are not in *de* body, and ſo all *de better for dat*.

All I deſire is, that you will pay the ſcore you have run up in this inn, for provender to your cattle, and food and lodging to yourſelf and ſervant.) Page 146.—137.

The Don was aſtoniſhed at the invincible ignorance of the *hoſt* in demanding money for the reckoning, and therefore treated him with contempt, by turning his back upon him and riding

riding off. *Sancho* heard his maſter's reaſons for non-payment, and from a ſtrong argument (drawn *à paritate rei*, though not *ſubjecto*) laboured to convince the hoſt of the folly of demanding money of pennyleſs Knight-errants, but it would not do; and what added to the misfortune, was, that *Sancho*'s beaſt was neither ſo ſwift, nor ſo manageable as *Rozinante*; ſo that he was left behind for the reckoning, as the aſs generally is. As the hoſt had let the Don eſcape, *Sancho* urged, like maſter like man; love me love my dog; beſides many more ſignificant proverbs; as, the devil take the hindermoſt; where there is nothing to be had the king muſt loſe his right, &c. &c. The hoſt could quote proverbs as faſt as *Sancho*, which made the Squire impatient, and therefore he told him, he could not be ſtoped without manifeſt danger and violation of the laws of errantry, and then attempted to eſcape. But the clothiers of *Segovia*, with their companions the pin-makers of *Cordova*, and ſhoemakers of *Sevil*, who were at the inn at this time, came to the landlord's aſſiſtance, and not only pulled *Sancho* from his aſs, but toſſed him in a blanket. Thus the Squire-errant became a *Squire-volant*, and inſtead of being governor of an iſland, was made a prince of the air. The Don, who was wait-

ing at a diſtance for *Sancho*, beheld his exaltations with amazement, and conſidered the adventure as equal to any of his own, this being ſimilar to that of the wind-mill.

CHAP. IV.

We have not gained one battle, except that with the Biſcayan; and even there your worſhip came off with half an ear, and the loſs of one ſide of your helmet; from that day to this good hour, our lot hath been nothing but cudgelling upon cudgelling.) P. 152.—143.

SANCHO might have gone a degree farther, *viz.* the *Yangueſians* poſitive, *Maritornes'* carrier, comparitive; and the oil-pan, ſuperlative. He exceeds *plus plurimum*; beſides which, there ſeems to be a *Climax*, for the beatings could not be declined by the old rule, ſo that we muſt allow of a *ſuper-ſuperlative*, and in caſe of neceſſity, of a *hyper* alſo.

Multa Tulit fecit que puer, ſudavit et alſit.

But what *Virgil* ſays of *Æneas*, is more applicable.

Multum ille et terris jactatus et alto.

I hear

I hear nothing, anſwered Sancho, *but abundance of bleating of ewes and lambs! And truly that was the caſe; for by this time the two flocks were pretty near them.*) P. 157.—148

We may truly ſay, that the armies were drawn up in the field, and though not compoſed of giants, yet they were more numerous and unanimous: For, as they ſay in *Scotland*, ſheep are one and *aw*; if one runs, *aw* run. If ever a Knight's wits went a wool-gathering, *Quixote*'s did at this inſtant; for the flock of ſheep were imagined to be an hoſt of men; rams were taken for giants; ewes for ladies; wethers for eunuchs; the black ſheep for necromancers; ſhepherds with their crooks and pipes, for inchanters and martial muſicians; the ſheep bells for drums; the rutting for the main battalia; and the bullocks for the ſlaughtered bodies.

CHAP. V.

In my opinion, my good maſter, all the miſventures, which have this day happened to us, are deſigned as a puniſhment for the ſins committed by your worſhip, in neglecting to fulfil the oath you took, &c.) P. 163.—154.

Securi de ſalute, pro gloriâ pugnant.

SANCHO imputed all their misfortunes to his maſter's perjuries.

Alius peccat, alius plectitur,
Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.

Thou art very much in the right, ſaid Don Quixote; *to deal ingenuouſly with thee,* Sancho, *that affair had actually ſlipt out of my remembrance; and thou mayeſt depend upon it, that affair of the blanketing happened to thee for the fault thou waſt guilty of, in omitting to put me in mind of it in time.*) P. 163.—154.

Facillimum eſt accuſare.

The Don preſently confuted *Sancho,* with his *Te ipſum intueri oportet qui alterum incuſas probi*; and bid him canvaſs his own wallet, and turn that part of the budget before where his own crimes ſhould lay, and not throw his *errata* behind

behind his back. "I am criminal," ſaid he, "for embracing the illuſtrious *Dulcinea*, for ſo my fancy imagined *Maritornes* to be. I was only a treſpaſſer in wiſh, which is but a ſmall pecadillo, *Sancho:* But had *Dulcinea* been really there in perſon, with all the witchery of love and beauty, I tell thee to my grief, I could not have ſaid *Bo* to the gooſe; that is, I could not have played the part of a gander: For my diſorders rendered me unſerviceable, which the *Civilians* term frigidity *quoad hanc.* But you, *Sancho*, had the *Auſtrian Donzella* betwixt the ſheets, where I am afraid you did not behave ſo well as was wiſhed. To come to a corporal contract, is the next *gradus* or ſtep to a *Falathra*; and the *Falathra* is the *Falathra*, *Sancho*, which is all in all; yet whatever you did, *(ſub Roſa)* I ſhould imagine by the *plaudit* ſhe gave you, that the work was well done."

They decried upon the road before them, a vaſt number of lights, that ſeemed like moving ſtars, approaching them. Sancho *was confounded at the ſight, the meaning of which, even* Don Quixote *could not comprehend.*) P. 164.—155.

A burnt child dreads the fire, ſaith the proverb; but the real truth is, the *Don* and *Sancho* were never baſted parabolically, but liter-

ally in the common notion and acceptation of the word. This adventure at the firſt view, preſaged more danger than any of the former ones, the number of enemies being greater than ever they had met with, except in the adventure of the ſheep; add to this, its being night, for *Sancho* had bad eyes, and could not ſee to tilt well by candle light. *Rozinante* and the poor aſs, ſtared and grew wilder at the approach of the lights, than they did at the wind-mill, for they were pretty well acquainted with that adventure. *Sancho* and his maſter halted, and began to tremble, but the reader muſt not condemn them for this *Tertian*, for they were ſeldom free from a *Quotidian* ſhaking.

Somewhat ſimilar to this is the following ſtory.

Some *ſtudents* of an univerſity in *Spain*, having agreed to play the tragedy of *Petrus* * *Crudelis*; the actors were to be tried privately, that in caſe of inability, they might be changed. Two ſcholars in particular, undertook to play the parts of two ghoſts, and at the rehearſals, performed ſo well as to meet with the approbation of the judges: But on the night of exhibition, when they were dreſſed and

* Petrus, king of Portugal, who murdered all his nobles and relations.

painted

painted agreeable to their characters, and entered meeting one another, they were ſo amazed and frightened at the ghoſtly appearance of each other, that they were unable to advance a ſtep, or ſpeak one word, and ſtood for ſometime quaking and trembling, till they excited the audience to laughter, inſtead of raiſing the contrary paſſion; and at laſt were obliged to retreat, by which means the performance was ſpoiled.

Which dreadful viſion entirely extinguiſhed the courage of Sancho Panza, *whoſe teeth began to chatter, as if he had been in the cold fit of an ague.*) P. 165.—156.

The Don did not want *Sancho* to engage in the danger; and therefore we may ſuppoſe he cried out to him,

Hue fuge (nate Dia) teque his (ait) eripe Flammis.

And imagining himſelf to be *Hector*'s ghoſt, proceeded in his own perſon:

——————Si Pergama dextrâ,
Defendi poſſint etiam hâc defenſa fuiſſent.

The chattering of *Sancho*'s teeth, puts me in mind of an *Oxford* ſcholar, who was a great eater;

eater; and being invited to a feaſt, and made acquainted with the bill of fare, faſted the day before hand. He went to bed early in the evening, in order to prepare himſelf the better for the next day's encounter. But, O miſchance! he was no ſooner in bed than aſleep, no ſooner aſleep than in a dream, in which he imagined himſelf at the feaſt; and while his teeth went faſter than *Sancho*'s, he kept continually crying out, "pray Sir hand the turkey, now the chine; pleaſe to advance the rump of beef;" and ſo on, till he ran through the bill of fare as perfectly as if he really had been at the feaſt. In the morning when he waked, he found (to his great ſorrow) his teeth and jaws ſo ſore, with the violence of his agitation, at the imaginary entertainment, that he was incapable of enjoying the real one.

The mourners being involved and intangled in their long robes, could not ſtir out of the way; ſo that Don Quixote, without running any riſk, drubbed them all round.) P. 166.—157.

In this victory, he conquered the *blacks* and the *whites* too. The ſinging-men deſerted the dead body, and howled out a *requiem* for themſelves, being departed ſouls, ſcattered up and down the face of the whole field. The

The Don, out of all rule, meaſured their Spaniſh cloth by the ſpear, and meant to make a prize of the whole, as it was *ſub haſtâ*. This was a fine night piece, worthy the pencil of a *Zeuxis*. Here and there lay the pittyful ſpoils of the Knights of the *black-robes*; ribbons were hacked into patches; gloves cut into thumb-ſtalls; hat-bands ſhrivelled into chitterlings; and ſcutcheons flew in the air like ravens; ſo that the field became a *black* heath; and *Rozinante*, emboſſed in the purſuit, never went prouder in his life, treading all the way upon Spaniſh cloth, of twenty ſhillings a yard.

All this while Sancho *ſtood, beholding with admiration, the courage and intrepidity of the Knight.*) P. 167.—158.

Aut meus Eraſmus *eſt, aut Dæmon,*

Either this is *Don Quixote*, or the devil, thought *Sancho*, who is come to carry the body to the fellowſhip of the ſoul.

I beſeech your worſhip, therefore, if you be a Chriſtian, not to kill me, as in ſo doing you will commit the horrid ſin of ſacrilege; for I am a licentiate, and have taken holy orders.) P. 167. —158.

This

This licentiate was of the lower form of the Levites, and had but lately come from his

Quò vos? ad Glosteros.
Quid ibi vos? ad sumendos orderos..
Ibimus nos cum vos? etiam si placet vos.

He had no more Latin than the *Missale*, and that not in *Capite*, but by heart. This fellow, like many I have heard, could sing in tune, or rather *tone*, without regard to accents, quantities, and terminations. The Latin tongue seldom suffers purgatory, but in the mouths of these singing men, and I wonder the *Pope* hath no dispensation, or dirge at least, for the tortures of the Catholick language. Notwithstanding this, their persons are sacred, and their callings religious; but it is scandalous, that such gross ignorance should have protection under so holy a shelter.

And who killed him? said Don Quixote. God himself, replied the batchelor, by means of a pestilential calenture that seized him.) P. 168.—158.

The Don neither feared God, giants, nor pestilential fevers, yet, his valour seemed to have some symptoms of discretion in it, and there-

therefore he let the matter alone; not being willing, like *Typhæus*, to wage war with heaven, leaſt the attempt ſhould be attended with bad conſequences. In this caſe, the Don acted prudently, like the conſtable, who having met with a drunken Scotchman, ſtrolling the ſtreets very late at night, enquired where he had been? whither he was going? and many more ſuch queſtions, to which he gave no anſwer. The conſtable became enraged at his ſilence, and, calling up a look of dignity and authority, aſked, in a peremptory manner, to whom he belonged, or whoſe ſervant he was? To this he replied, *Well ha ye aſked my friend, I ſerve a geud laird.* A lord, ſaid the conſtable (more moderately) what lord? *E'en the geud laird of hoſts*, replied the other. No ſooner was this laſt ſentence pronounced, but the conſtable began to tremble, and ordered the watchmen to let him go for fear of danger, ſaying to his comrades, "It is ſome Scotch lord or other, I will warrant you, we had better not meddle with him."

"*I know* Sancho, *ſaid he, that I have incurred the ſentence of excommunication, for having laid violent hands on conſecrated things, according to the canon; ſi quis ſuadente diabolo,* &c.") P. 170.—161.

Had

Had the Don been in orders (though it would have been impoſible to keep him ſo long) he might have been the richeſt man in Europe, upon a leſs penalty than five pounds a blow, if we conſider his various beatings. I knew a quarrelſome ſcholar at *Oxford*, who was for ever giving battle, though he always came off worſted: The blows he took *pro tempore*, and his batterers *pro termino*; and as his purſe failed, had recourſe to his hammered noddle, and made ſome of his debtors pay off their old ſcores, ſo that he never was at a loſs for money.

But to return to the note. This *Juxta illud ſiquis ſuadente diabolo*, &c. is ſimilar to our bills of indictment. Whereas *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, contrary to the laws of his Catholick majeſty, and the peace of this realm, not having the fear of God before his eyes, did murtherouſly, bloodily, and feloniouſly (in, with, and by the adviſe, help, and aſſiſtance of one *Sancho Panza*, of the village aforeſaid, and ſervant to *Don Quixote* aforeſaid) diſmantle, rob, and rifle a ſumpter-horſe, aſs, or mule, and *per minas, inſultus et Durez*, that is to ſay, with three hard words, un-horſe (aſs or mule) unleg, and unable, *Alonzo Lopez*, ordinary to the fraternity of *Nova Priſona*; and at the ſame time took

away,

away, besides his wits (which are not valued) a *missale*, six crucifixes, a rosary of beads, twelve indulgencies, as many *Agnus deis*', two *Anathemas*, and other considerable things, goods, and chattles, from *Alonzo Lopez* aforesaid, amounting in all, on a moderate estimate, to the value or sum of thirteen pence half-penny, or there-abouts. Therefore, the said *Don Quixote* aforesaid, and the said *Sancho Panza* aforesaid, are hereby indicted, arraigned, and charged to be guilty in the first place of *wit-murder*, secondly, of several sacrileges, and thirdly and lastly, of pilfering; and so we leave them to the consciences of twelve honest and true jury-men, and to the wisdom and mercy of a righteous judge, to do with them, what the law in these cases enacts and requires. *

* This is no bad satire on the loquaciousness of law preambles.

CHAP. VI.

This grass, my good master, proves beyond all contradiction, that there must be some spring or rivulet hereabouts, by which it is watered, and therefore, we had better proceed a little farther, until we find where-with to allay this terrible thirst, which is more painful and fatiguing than hunger alone.) P. 172.—163.

IT is a great query in the *scruple-house* of *nature*, which a man may best and longest indure, *hunger* or *thirst*; want of meat, or want of drink. The *Bacchanalians*, or brethern of the *spicket*, state the question in the negative, and lay down for a fundamental, that there is *no living without liquids*, not one day. The *Bilbos*, the *Trouts*, the *Aristippians*, the *Beereans*, the *Canarians*, and *Claretteers*, all ancient philosophers, followed the opinion and practise of *Consul Bibulus*, and of the comprehensive *Tholus* and his cotemporary *Fuscus*, according to the measure of that draught which was,

——*Dignum sitiente* Tholo, *vel conjugo Fusci.*

A goddard, or rummer of the same size with the cann of *Silenus*; and the whole school (I mean

(I mean *ſchola bidendi)* and their *aſſeclæ bibaculorum, madidorum, and temulentorum*, who are the greateſt and moſt ſpreading ſect in the world, follow this ſtandard to a drop for their morning and evening draught, which is called in the moſt authentick and emphatical word they have, *ſuper naculum.* Amongſt theſe, it is an undeniable principle, that *vita conſiſtit in humido*, and that a dry ſoul, *quatenus talis*, cannot laſt. The intrinſical, radical moiſture muſt be ſupplied, recruited, and repleniſhed, with the extrinſical liquids: For, by the conſtant and quotidian ſuccours, you provide againſt the conflagration of the microcoſm which, like that of the greater magnitude, muſt and will, unleſs prevented by thoſe provident rules, die of a burning fever. The adverſe party, who ſtile themſelves brethren of the *Fange*, being ſober fellows, are for having all conveyances diſpatched the old way, by indent of tooth, and making proviſion for the fleſh, make the fleſh their proviſion. Theſe lay down for their *Axioms* and *Dogmata*, *Tempus edax rerum*; which they tranſlated, eat at all times; *Totos ponit apros.* Be not aſhamed to have a ſtomach like a ſwine, *ede*, *lude*, live to eat.

Cum morte ſumma voluptas;

There is no happineſs in the grave, which is always devouring, never ſatisfied, eating even theſe great eaters themſelves. They ſtrengthen their argument with variety of learned precepts, ſuch as,

Animal propter convivia natum,
Homines fruges conſumere nati.

Theſe conſidered rationally, and like natural philoſophers, and computed the many parts, joints, ſinews, arteries, veins, bones, ſimilar, diſſimilar, homogeneous, heterogeneous, ſpermatick, ſanguinary, muſcular, guttural, dental, mandibular, &c. &c. which are all to be maintained out of the kitchin-natural, the ſtomach, by the provider the mouth. But how is it poſſible to ſatisfy the ſeveral intereſts of ſo many ravenous expectants, eſpecially as this microcoſm is full of microcoſms, and every one of us, even the leaſt infant in the univerſallity of men, hath as much to maintain, as the greateſt giant in the world: Wherefore *Saturn* (the very *Lunsford** of the deities) taught

* This *Lunsford*, was a colonel of the king's party, whom the other party repreſented, as having a brutal appetite, that he devoured children, &c. reporting,

taught us what to do rather than ſtarve. *Lycaon* followed his ſteps, and indeed it has ſince their time been much practiſed: *Homo homini lupus*; we may eat one another till there is but one man left, and ſo the world may end as it began.

"*If thou telleſt thy tale in this manner*," *cried Don Quixote*, "*repeating every circumſtance twice over, it will not be finiſhed theſe two days.*") P. 178.—169.

Once upon a certain time it fell out, and ſo happened, &c. &c. is the natural cement of moſt tales. The cuſtom of ridiculous ſpeeches prevail with moſt men, who having uſed themſelves to ſome impertinent phraſe, cannot, even in matters of the greateſt conſequence, forego it. A judge giving his charge at an aſſize, with great gravity and ſolemnity, frequently made uſe of the ridiculous phraſe, *in that kind*: As, gentlemen of the jury, you ought to enquire after

---

porting, that when he fell, a child's arm was found in his pocket. He was killed at the taking of *Briſtol*; and is ſaid by the loyaliſts to have been a perſon of extraordinary ſobriety and courage. He is mentioned by *Butler*, in his *Hudibraſ*, Part III. Cant. II. Ver. 1092.

recusants *in that kind*; and such as do not frequent the church *in that kind*; but above all, such as haunt ale-houses *in that kind*; notorious whoremasters *in that kind*; drunkards and blasphemers *in that kind*, are to be presented *in that kind*, as the law *in that kind* directs. A gentleman being asked, after the court rose, how he liked the judges charge? answered, it was the best *in that kind* he ever heard.

Did not I tell you to keep a good account? said Sancho, *now before God! the tale is ended.)* P. 180.—171.

The tale is lost, just as the fellow lost his Eel because he could not hold it; or *Tantalus* his apples, because he could not catch them; or the fellow his geese; or as his tale began who was to relate a story before the emperor *Vespasian*, whose ill-favoured face prevented his speaking, till he was commanded to begin; when he excused himself, and said, he would stay till his excellency came from stool, which he guessed was the emperor's present business by his face; but as the emperor could not change his face, the story-teller was obliged to change the room. In like manner *Sancho*'s story ended very abruptly, leaving *Torralva* on one side of the river, and the goat-

goat-herd on the other: Like the Scotchman and his wife, who were more unhappily ſevered by a ſimilar accident; for *Jany* and her *geud lown* were travelling, and came to a *bury*, which at that time over-flowed; here they were obliged to halt, and ſtood gaping *ean at ather*, till a traveller on horſeback paſſing that way, proffered the courteſy of a waft alternately to them both. The Scotchman bleſſed him with *bath* his hands, and ſaid, in *geud* faith Sir, let *Jany* gang firſt, and I will ſtay till you return. So *Jany* got up behind the traveller, and was very thankful for the favour, even more than became her, for being wafted over, ſhe permitted her conductor to take ſome unbecoming familiarities with her; which Jocky beholding, cried out, why *Jany*, what *an a labour an you at? wha werks this Jany? waws me, O for a dry burg!* For want of which, like the Don's keeping an account of the goat's, the tale is ended.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

In that neighbourhood were two villages, one of them ſo poor and ſmall, that it had neither ſhop nor barber; for which reaſon, the trimmer of the larger, that was hard by, ſerved the leſſer alſo.) P. 190.—180.

THIS tranſient face-mender in time, would have made a good Knight-errant; he was for the tournament, and could hit a hair: A man inured to martial inſtruments, which, if he had but the ſpirit to have drawn, the very ſight of his tweezers would have brought the Don to a ſtand. But ſurely, the dull rogue ſhaved with a pumice-ſtone, and clipped with a pair of hedge-ſheers; and though by the cuſtom of Spain, he might ride on an *aſs* to his cuſtomers; yet it ſeems by his flight, that his agility rather lay in his feet than his fingers. The tonſors of England, do not appear to be under the influence of *Aquarius*, but of nimble *Mercury*, who hath ſo ſpiritized their whole œconomy, that they are quick-ſilver to the fingers ends; for one may almoſt ſwear by the ſwiftneſs of their motions, that their hands are the *primum Movens*, and *ultimum*

Moriens

Moriens of their whole bodies. Nor, are the reſt of their parts leſs active, for their tongues are as fluent as their fingers; and except in one ſenſe of the word, ſeldom lye ſtill. Their ſhops are the forges of invention; the magazines of news, more frequented than a bookſeller's ſtall: Thither the mongers reſort for matter and inſpiration; for after an effectual excitation of the ingenious atoms of the *Pericranium*, the ſpirits of the brain riſe by a kind of contagion, and then the nimble factories of the fancy, move all their ſubtle engines of device, and preſently (like *Minerva* out of *Jupiter*) iſſues all thoſe diurnal births, which fill the Mercuries and Gazettes for the whole world.

I am not quite clear in that particular, replied the Knight; and in ſuch a dubious caſe, till ſuch time as we can get better information, I think thou mayeſt exchange the furniture, if the neceſſity for ſo doing be extreme.) P. 193.—183.

A council of war is called, to know whether they ſhall admit the *Trojan aſs* into their wooden ſociety. The Don was preſident of the council, and *Sancho* the advocate, being always a pleader for ſome illegal prize or other. *Quixote* refuſed to do an act of injuſtice, or derogation from the honour of his Knight-

Knight-errantry, though requeſted to it by his friend *Sancho*; for if a Knight-errant ſteals in *propria perſona*, he is uncalendered for ever, and his name expunged the ephemerides of *king Arthur*'s knights. But exchange is no robbery, eſpecially if it is done by the Squire and not by the knight. In caſes of irreſiſtible neceſſity, as, when *Jugurth*'s horſe, *Alexander*'s elephant, and *Cyrus*'s dromedary were ſhot under them (or rather ſlain, for they lived before the invention of guns and gun-powder) it was lawful to take the firſt they could meet with: Nor did *Alexander* think it any diſgrace to ride on a *camel*, when his elephant was gone. The Don, however, decreed and ratified, that *Sancho* ſhould have all the *bona mobilia (præter ipſum Corpus)* of the prize aſs taken in lawful fight, and tranſlate them upon the back of his own aſs.

Thou art not much in the wrong, replied Don Quixote.) P. 195.—185.

Sancho was a politic fellow, and knew how to raiſe his maſter's frenzy. Name but an emperor, a king, a queen, a lady, a giant, a caſtle, a monſter, &c. &c. and he became an *Orlando Furioſo*, a *Hercules Furens*, a *Jeronymo*, his imagination carrying him beyond the

the Sophy of Perſia, into a more remote kingdom, where the king of that kingdom was reſcued by that knight, that was in love with that daughter, that was heir to that king, that was oppreſt by that giant, that was ſlain by that knight, &c. &c. &c.

The king, who is to be my father-in-law.) P. 200.—190.

The repetition of *the king his father-in-law*, is like the phraſe uſed by the illegitimate ſon of a nobleman, who uſed to ſay, *the lord his father* allowed him ſo much for this thing, and ſo much for t'other; and *the lord his father*, kept the beſt horſes and hounds in the country, &c. But being in company one day, and making uſe of this phraſe very often, a gentleman replied, Sir, I have often heard you talk of the *lord your father*, but the devil a word you ſay of the *whore your mother*.

And even if thou waſt not ſo well qualified, it would be of no ſignification, becauſe I being king, can confer nobility upon thee, without putting thee to the expence of purchaſing.) P. 201. —191.

The fountain of honour may give titles, though it cannot give deſerts and abilities. But honours are frequently bought and ſold, which

which is the rise of the numerous nobility in the Spanish kingdoms. Though, indeed, an *Accipiamus Pecuniam, & Dimittamus Asinum*, is a current maxim in all countries, where an importunate rich coxcomb is gratified for his token, which never fails.

CHAP. VIII.

Since that is the case, resumed his master, here the execution of my office is concerned, to annul, force, and bring succour to the miserable.) P. 203.—193.

THIS was *Argumentum ad hominem. Exempli gratiâ.*

Every thing under force is rescuable by my function;
All these *slaves* are under force,
Ergo, they are rescuable by my function.

The syllogism is a very strong one. A demonstration, *à priore*, as to the Don; as *à Posteriore*, to the slaves: The major no man durst deny, it was *Probatio Leonina! quis ausus est quartam partem?* The minor was as visible as the nose on his face; and the conclusion undeniable, *per sæcula seculorum.* Thus by one syllogism in two figures, the Don

Don proved himſelf into an adventure very logically; his mood being in *Barbara*, as to the matter of the reſcue; and in *Bocardo*, as to the iſſue; *à quo*, as to the ſlaves; and *ad quem*, as to himſelf and *Sancho*, who could never perſuade his maſter to any prudential forbearing of criminal encounters: But the Don's head converted every thing into the groſs humours of *errantic* valour; which is ſomewhat ſimilar to a clergyman, who always preached againſt *non-reſidency*, let his text be ever ſo foreign from the ſubject. The prieſt being himſelf unbeneficed, and a *ubiquetary*, made bold (*ſede vacante*) to pay the *non reſidentiaries*, for not ſtopping his mouth with a living. Some of his waggiſh auditors, determined to give him a text which ſhould not enable him to ſtick to his old ſubject. The text they gave him was, *Abraham begat Iſaac*. The next Sunday he mounted the pulpit, and had no ſooner named his text, but he began; "A plain text beloved, againſt *non-reſidents*; for, if *Abraham* had not kept the company of his good woman Sarah; that is, had not been *reſident*, then *Iſaac* had not been born.

The prieſt's infatuation was like a metaphyſical diſputant at Oxford, who, let the queſtion be, *an Zabarella fuit ſcriptorum opt. maximus?* would bring the confounded replicant to *materia prima*, by due form of argu-

ment; where if he caught him, *Tenet occiditq*; he would contund, and *extra-mund* him, more than *materia prima* itſelf was at the *Chaos*.

A man of a venerable aſpect, with a long white beard hanging down to his girdle.) P. 206.—196.

Non barba facit philoſophum.

A man may have a large beard, and yet be a pimp; and another may have never a hair on his head, and yet be a whoremaſter; a third may have no beard, and yet be a eunuch. *Fronti nulla fides. Black-beards* are bad, *brown* dangerous, *yellow* worſe, and *red* worſt of all.

Et de virtute locuti———
———Clunem agitant.

And finding himſelf treated by him in this haughty manner, tipped the wink to his companions, who retiring with him at a ſmall diſtance, began to ſhower forth a number of ſtones upon their deliverer.) P. 215.—204.

See the wheel of fortune! O viciſſitude! O moon! O madneſs! to think it can be otherwiſe to men under the moon! Truſt not to honour, ſhe's an Eel; nor to victory, ſhe's a wheel; nor to riches, they are witches; nor to popularity, that ſhort-liv'd charity; nor to friends, for love is for ends.

Ungrate-

Ungrateful Paſſamonte! to reward the renowned *Don Quixote* with a peal of ſtones, for glorioufly delivering you from the hands of the Philiſtines.

CHAP. IX.

Benefits conferred on baſe-minded people, are like drops of water thrown into the ſea.) P. 216.—205.

——*Perditur Oceano gutta.*

WE have an Engliſh proverb (though not againſt ingratitude) full as ſmart; for to be unthankful is nearly allied to being inſenſible; ſo that *to greaſe a fat ſow of the tail*, is ſomewhat ſimilar. But theſe two proverbs, in their applications, are not alike, for few throw water into the ſea; or, if once they have done it, they ſeldom do it a ſecond time. Such is the diſpoſition of human nature; we love and expect applauſe and flattery, for the favours we beſtow, and if we miſs of the vain-glorious harveſt, we ſcarcely ever ſow ſeed in that barren and *Lethæan* ground again.

But it ſhall be on condition, that thou ſhalt never, either in life or death, hint to any perſon

whatſoever, that I retired, and avoided this peril through fear, but merely in compliance with thy earneſt requeſt.) P. 217.—206.

This adventure of *Retirement* was one of the ſafeſt they ever encountered, and was of *Sancho*'s projecting; politically engaged with an oath of ſecrecy. It would well become all ſpirits of equal underſtandings, and equal ſucceſs with theſe of the Don's, to ſwear their ſeconds, never to reveal the unfortunate iſſue of their encounters, nor the neceſſities of a retreat.

CHAP. X*.

"*By heaven, it is falſe, cried Don Quixote, with great indignation and impetuoſity, as uſual; that report is the effect of malice, or rather meer wantonneſs. Queen Madaſima was a moſt royal dame.*") 240.—228.

IF the Don had permitted *Cardenio* to have compleated his ſtory, he would not have been ſo violent in the defence of the ladies; but (*âltera parte inauditâ* the Don hearing but with

* The greateſt part of this chapter is filled with Cardenio's ſtory, as he related it to Don Quixote, only Mr. Gayton has verſified it; "becauſe," ſays he, "as it is long, the beſtowing *feet* upon it, will

with one ear) this matter produced a dispute, for who knew queen *Madasima*, or *Elisabat*, better than our Knight? But they being imaginary beings, no where to be found, I am of opinion with *Cardenio*, that they were together. Though, as the lady was only a chimera, a name and nothing else, the Don might justify the chastity of a queen and no queen; a lady and no lady; a name and no body: But *Cardenio*'s mad fit coming on, he was determined to have the best of the argument, and confuted the Don flat on his back, not by reason, but with a well-guided stone; indifferent for the present, whether *Madasima* was incontinent with *Elisabat* or not. Poor *Sancho*, seeing his master so roughly handled, came to his assistance. What a pity it is, that good nature should betray a man into mischief? Yet *aliquod Malum, propter vicinum*, and like master like man, was a proverb at this time fully exemplified, for *Cardenio* conquered both of them.

---

will make it pass away the quicker." His introducing it in this work, was very improper, it being a part of the history, and as his poetry in general is very lame and indifferent, no other reason need be assigned for the omission.

CHAP. XI.

If it were the will of heaven, that beasts spoke as they did in the days of Hyssop, I should be less uneasy, because I would converse with my ass at pleasure; and that would be some comfort to me in my misfortunes.)* P. 243.—231.

SANCHO dislikes the incomparable use of silence; admirable, if voluntary, but less commendable if imposed. He wishes that beasts had the gift of speech; but it is their silence that hath kept them so long in peace and amity: There are no challenges amongst them, no duels, no wars. They have a few natural sounds for the significations of their several wants or satisfactions, and being speechless, live contented and grow fat upon it; for talking spends the spirits, and *Livia*'s would never be fat.

---

* Dr. Smollet gives us the word *Hyssop*, as a corruption of Æsop. Mr. Jarvis translates it *Guisopete*, which is the Spanish name of Æsop. The first is best, being most agreeable to *Sancho*'s dialect.

Then

Eheu quam pingui macer est mihi Taurus in Arvo?

Amongst reasonable creatures, to whom language is given, the least talkative are accounted the wisest. What a miserable thing it is, to hear people, almost every where, saying, *would my tongue had been cut when I spoke it. That tongue of your's will undo you*, &c. &c.

From hence the ignorant and malicious vulgar took occasion to say, and suppose, that she admitted of his caresses: But, they lie—I say again, all those who either say or think so, lie in their throats, and I will tell them so two hundred times over.) P. 244.—232.

Had *Madasima* and *Elisabat*, been other than imaginary beings, one should have thought the Don bribed to this defence. He is determined to carry his point, and maintain his argument by force; which is the only way some things have been maintained and supported: This kind of confutation hath been practised in other countries besides *Spain*. *Quixote's* resolution to defend the character of *Elisabat*, might be founded in self-interested views, for he was a surgeon, and probably a barber-surgeon, and in that case, he hoped to exchange basons with him,

him, for *Mambrino*'s helmet was rufully battered.

If I apprehend the matter aright, ſaid Sancho, the knights who played ſuch mad pranks were provoked, and had ſome reaſon to act theſe fooleries and penance: But what cauſe hath your worſhip to turn madman.) P. 247.—235.

Inſanio cum ratione.

Sancho was the wiſeſt of the two, for he thought it abſurd for his maſter to be mad, or to ſuffer hardſhips unprovoked; and I ſhall ſuppoſed he reaſoned with him as follows. I, Sir, have loſt my aſs, and therefore ſhould I run mad it would be a pardonable thing in me. But you have loſt nothing but your wits and your way home. *Dulcinea*, your miſtreſs, lady, queen, or whatever elſe you pleaſe to call her, has given you no cauſe to go beſide yourſelf; ſhe is chaſte, virtuous, and honourable, whom neither prince, knight, inchanter, moor, nor the devil himſelf can ſeduce; why then ſhould you run mad? *Amadis* had reaſon for his madneſs, his miſtreſs was a pouting ſlut, a ſullen huſſey, but by jove, I would have curried her coat for her, before I would have run mad. My wife is ſometimes in the mubble-fubbles, and what do you think I do, maſter, of mine? why, I take

take my aſs and go to the next town, and there I ſtay as long as I pleaſe, and let her ſulks fubble out as they mubbled in. *Orlando*, alſo, was not mad without reaſon, for *Angelica* made him *horn-mad*; but you are an obſtinate madman, and will be mad, becauſe you will be ſo.

As there is no paper to be had in this place.) P. 254.—242.

It is a great query, whether it would not have been more for the intereſts of mankind, if the invention of making paper had never been introduced into the world: Not that paper is of itſelf pernicious, dangerous, or of evil conſequence; it being the *faireſt* child of *foul* parents, that ever was, even to the converting the axiom, *corruptio peſſimi eſt generatio Optimi*; for from ſlips and ſnips, irreconcilable and ſuper-annuated ſhirts and ſhifts, come very fair *ſheets:* So, that, had not writing and printing corrupted ſo admirable an invention, by the peſtilent matter they impreſs upon it, the project might have proved an univerſal benefit. The ſame objection may be raiſed againſt gun-powder and tobacco; for many have imagined, that their inconveniencies exceed their conveniencies.

All the poets, who have celebrated ladies, under names which they invented at pleasure, had not really such mistresses as they describe.) P. 257. —244.

What harm had the poets done him, that he should insinuate their mistresses were only chimerical and imaginary? And that they never knew the delights of a nuptial night, or came to a *Zonam solvit diu ligatam*, or reaped the sweet pledges of those pleasant encounters? *Homer*, *Ovid*, and *Virgil*, were married men, and *Petrarch*, had his chaste and unblemished *Laura*. Poets are composed of such volative spirits, that unless they are fixed at home with amiable objects of their own, not Cæsar's *Livia* would be free from their inveiglings.

CHAP. XII.

Flourish then the memory of Amadis! and let him be imitated as much as possible, by Don Quixote de la Mancha.) P. 264.—251.

SEcond thoughts are sometimes best. To retract from an evil design, not only shews wisdom, but that a man is master of his passions and humours; whereas, some men are so resolute and bigotted to their own judgments

ments and opinions, that if once they engage in any particular ſcheme, they will purſue it, however oppoſed by ſelf-reproofs and inconveniencies. The Don wiſely forſook his firſt reſolution of tormenting, and almoſt annihilating himſelf, and determined to follow the example of *Amadis*, being more eaſy and rational. Similar to this, is the ſtory of a perſon, who having been at a gaming houſe, and loſt his money and eſtate, grew deſperate, and determined to hang himſelf on the firſt convenient ſign-poſt he came to. Coming o a proper place, he fixed his garters, and was preparing for execution, when on a ſudden, a merry thought came into his head, which diverted him from his purpoſe, and he went away, ſaying to himſelf, "I reprieve thee from day to day, till thou dieſt a natural death."

He found an unſurmountable difficulty in the want of an hermit to confeſs and conſole him.) P. 264.—252.

We have no account of the words of confeſſion in the hiſtory, but I have it in my power to ſatisfy the curious reader.

The Confeſſion *of* Don Quixote, *taken from ſome fragments of* Cid Hamet Benengeli, *originally in* Latin.

Gran-

I.

Grandæve, & constans Pater, Fateor
Me non esse Dominum de Gateor,
Nec, (quantumvis amens hic amando)
Furiosum, qui dictus est Orlando,
Sed per Orbiculos Petri & Pauli
(Hos fellis globos) sum Amadis du Gauli.

II.

Erravi fateor, cum patribus meis,
Erravi pater, cum, & sine eis:
Doce, quæso, quo me vertam, quia
Nec fui, nec futurus sum in viâ.

III.

In aurem fateor hæc susurrans
Juvenis consilium omne abhorrens,
Consulta sprevi matris atque Patris,
Qui designaverunt me aratris.

IV.

Sed addixi me Legendis Libris
Permendacibus & comburendis,
Ubi de militibus pugnacibus
Invulneratis Ferro, & facibus
Miranda vidi, & mulieres
Quas vivendo pænè Lapis *fieres;*
Sed pater, quod ad res venereas,
Si quid unquam novi, malè Pereas.

Paren-

V.

Parentibus defunctis per dium
Et Domus erant mihi tædium.
Fabulis refertus feror pronus
Ut miles essem, valeat Colonus.
Conscendo æquum mox & capio arma,
Et cum Conto Cuspide, & Parmâ,
Quæ non tuli (pater) quæ non feci?
Plusquam (quando egressus sum) conjeci.

VI.

Enumerare velim libens, &c. &c.

These stanzas were engraved on different trees, but whether the sixth was erased by time or weather, or left unfinished originally, is uncertain.

However, it will not be amiss to leave him, engrossed by his sighs and poetry; in order to recount what happened to Sancho Panza, *in the execution of his embassy.*) P. 266.—253.

Sancho is on his journey to *Toboso*, but not like *Bellerophontes*, with letters to his own undoing. He arrived at the inn, where he encountered the adventure of the blanket; which indignity disturbed his valiant soul, and made him resolve not to enter the house; but being discovered by the curate and bar-

ber, who were there at that time, is prevailed on, by threats and intreaties, to relate the buſineſs of his journey. But, O miſchance! when he ſearched for the letter in order to have it tranſcribed by the curate, behold, it was gone! ſuppoſing he had loſt it by the way, he began to revenge himſelf upon himſelf, and tore his beard * up by the roots. The curate and barber were aſtoniſhed at his violence, and endeavoured to perſuade him from it, but all to no purpoſe, for great grief is inſenſible and impatient of advice.

---

* I thought he had loſt his beard before, in the ſcuffle with Cardenio and the Goatherd. Our author forgot himſelf here, though the ſame miſtake is made by *Cervantes*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

The landlady dreſſed up the curate in a moſt curious manner.) P. 272.—260.

THE dreſs was rather antique, being ſomewhat ſimilar to the mode of dreſs in good king *Bamba*'s * days, who was regardleſs of faſhions; but would have been ridiculous in the time of *Cambyſes* †, for hiſtory informs us he was a moſt courtly prince, and a great obſerver of modes and ceremonies in *Arabia*. Now, though this dreſs would have moved any ordinary perſon to laughter, it doubtleſs had a contrary effect with the Don, who ſeeing a lady ſubmitting herſelf in ſuch a garb to his protection, and ſtyling him her deliverer, reſtorer, and revenger of her injuries, would inſtantly imagine, that ſome giant, or inchanter, had robbed her caſtle, killed her knight, ſtole the young princeſs, ſtripped her of every thing valuable, and reduced her to the neceſſity of wearing ſuch a dreſs: So that it was the more likely to raiſe a higher thirſt for revenge in his errantic-ſoul.

---

* King of the Viſigoths, in Spain.

† The Son of Cyrus, and king of the Medes and Perſians, who added Ægypt to his dominions.

At that inſtant Sancho chanced to come up, and ſeeing them in ſuch a garb, could not refrain from laughing.) P. 274.—261.

Per multos riſos poteros cognoſcere ſtultos.

Though it is the ſign of a fool to laugh often or exceſſively, it is the part of rational men to laugh ſometimes, eſpecally when riſible objects preſent themſelves. The contrary-paſſionate philoſophers *Heraclitus* and *Democritus*, cried and laughed at the ſame objects. The curate's beard was not more ridiculous than *Sancho*'s, yet he ſneered at it, not having ſeen his own face in a glaſs ſince he left home. The intention of this fooliſh metamorphoſis, was commendable in one point, though ridiculous in the other; for however well they were diſpoſed, who in their ſenſes would attempt to regain a perverſe, obſtinate, mad Knight-errant? If a man was to examine himſelf impartially, and ſcrutinize his actions through life, he would ingeniouſly confeſs, *Inter ridenda & deflenda tempus eſſe perditum*, and might compare himſelf to the head with two faces, the one weeping, and the other laughing.

While they lay at their eaſe, under the covert of this ſhade, their ears were ſaluted with the ſound

ſound of a voice, which, though unaccompanied by any inſtrument, ſung ſo ſweet and melodiouſly, that they were ſtruck with aſtoniſhment.) P. 275.—262.

Such rare ſtrains, ſo excellently ſung, made the curate and barber imagine them to come from ſome extraordinary perſon, and ſo it proved; for on their ſearching for the perſon, they found it was *Cardenio*, of whom mention has been made before.

Mr. Gayton concludes his notes on this firſt Volume, with the continuation of *Cardenio*'s ſtory in verſe, which is omitted for the ſame reaſon as the former part was.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.

FESTIVOUS NOTES ON THE SECOND VOLUME, OF THE HISTORY and ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE.

FESTIVOUS NOTES ON THE HISTORY and ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE.

PART I. BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

TEXT.

Thrice happy and fortunate was that age, which produced the moſt audacious Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha.) P. 1.—1.

Fælix illa dies! quæ magni Conſcia partûs,
Quixotum *terris, & tibi Mancha dedit.*

IT is very probable, that he was cotemporary with *Garagantua*, or the Knight of the *Sun*; though, by his wildneſs and wandering, he ſeems to have been moſt converſant with the Knights of the *Moon*, who every month drop from that orb, and perform ſtrange feats in this. In the regiſter of the

the *Mancha*, there is nothing to be found but theſe words, which are preſerved with great art and care: *Hab: Lunat: Quix: Anno ante Orb: Cond. P.* 10.

All three ſtood gazing attentively at the apparition.) P. 2.—2.

Notwithſtanding their wonder and admiration, the curate neither counted his beads, nor repeated his pater-noſters; yet, this moſt magnetic piece ſo powerfully affected him, that he was reſolved to approach nearer to it, being for a *contactus*, which was natural; and probably, if occaſion had offered for a *contractus*, which would have been ſpiritual in the eccleſiaſtical court; but *nos inter nos*, very carnal.

This chapter concludes with *Dorothea*'s ſtory, as related in the hiſtory, only in verſe, like *Cardenio*'s, which I omit, for reaſons before given.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

I will then use that privilege to which every gentleman is intitled, and in single combat, demand satisfaction for the injury he has done you.) P. 21.—21.

THIS text, naturally leads me to make some remarks on the pernicious practice of duelling. Were we to set aside all laws, human and divine, duelling seems to be an unjustifiable piece of fortitude, or rather false valour. But, if we come with this argument into the *school* of *defence*, we shall be branded as cowards; while the maintaining a challenge against our brother (not only of the sword, but in nature) is accounted honourable. There is one thing that will ever be a check to these hectors, and that is, that after a duel, even the conqueror is obliged to fly, which is a cowardly action. To this they will answer, that it is for fear of the laws of their country. What pretention have they to honour, who dare commit an action they are ashamed of, in defiance of all Christian laws? What is generally disapproved of, no one should venture to attempt; and since the practice of duelling is made unlawful by most nations, for obvious and humane reasons, it is unnatural, and morally evil.

At

At that inſtant they heard and recognized the voice of Sancho, who, not finding them in the place where he had left them, hollowed aloud.) P. 22.—22.

He might have cried out, bread and meat for the lord's ſake (for his half ſtarved lord's ſake) who, with hunger and cold, had almoſt put an end to his errantry.

Sancho's hollowing out till he found his friends, puts me in mind of the following ſtory:

A fool, belonging to a nobleman, in days of old, being diſpleaſed with ſome ill uſage from the family, diſappeared, and was not to be found. A fool belonging to a neighbouring lord, undertook to ſearch after him, aſſuring the family he would ſoon find his couſin *Tony*. His method was this, he went all over the houſe, and in every room he came to, he cried out, "*O Tony*, are you there? I ſee you." At laſt, coming to the place where the fool had ſecreted himſelf, and ſtill crying out, "*O Tony*, I ſee you, that I do," the other anſwered from his lurking place, "*O but you do not.*"

I con-

I condescend and grant it, resumed the knight, provided in so doing, I act neither to the detriment nor derogation of my king and country.) P. 26.—26.

Two obligations which he had forfeited over and over, and yet we see how tender his conscience was in a point he had so often violated. This faithful lover of king and country, was under the privy search of the holy brotherhood, for the rescue of his majesty's slaves sent to the gallies; the country was full of hues and cries for the adventure of the sheep, which all his *Manchegan* estate would not satisfy; the helmet of *Mambrino*, was stolen from the poor village-barber, who was determined to arrest him the first time he met with him; and the present sustenance which *Sancho*, his receiver and treasurer had, were the spoils of *Cardenio*'s port-manteau; to these we may add, the demands of his hosts, who were his unwilling creditors, and intended to unhorse him if ever he came in their way.

Pray Mr. Licentiate, what cause hath brought you hither alone, &c. &c.) P. 33.—32.

The curate was put to a grand case of conscience, whether in point of urgent necessities, as the saving a friends life from perils of robbers, or any other accident (legally to be

permitted) or from the obſtinate melancholly of a perſon, ſworn and devoted to ruin himſelf and family; in ſuch a caſe, for a *majus beneficium*, or *bonum Reipublicæ*, or to ones own-ſelf, whether the lips of the preacher is always to ſpeak truth? if the frequency of lying might excuſe it, it will eaſily meet with juſtification. He anſwered his mental objection mentally, ſaying, *In foro, coram Judice*, in *pulpito, coram Epiſcopo in rebus litem dirimentibus*, he was ſubſtantially, really, and verily to ſpeak the truth, and nothing but the truth; but in extrajudicial caſes, and ſuch as propoſe either a public or private good end, he was ſatisfied he might tranſgreſs the beaten path of truth, and follow that road which was moſt expedient to his honeſt deſigns; reckoning theſe matters amongſt the peccadillos and venialia, which are never placed to account in the black book. But, by-the-bye, his tranſgreſſion was one of the moſt bare-faced lies I ever heard of; for had the legacy of the ſixty thouſand pieces of eight been true, how was it poſſible for him and the barber to have carried it with them, in good ſilver, as he affirmed? As to the ſecond lye, viz. their being robbed of it by the gally ſlaves, the diſſertation of divinity at the end of it, will in ſome meaſure attone for it, for with

with a very little enlargement, it might paſs for a homily on charity.

CHAP. III.

Scarce had the curate pronounced this apoſtrophe, when Sancho blundered out, "then in good faith, Mr. Licentiate, he who performed this exploit, was no other than my maſter.") P. 34.—33.

TO what purpoſe is it, for a wiſe lord to contrive and plot well, and have treacherous ſervants, fellows that are conſcience-touched with a ſermon? Such timorous rogues are not fit for great deſigns, and noble engagements. The Don heard all the curate ſaid, appeared unconcerned, and kept the ſecret; nay probably, like ſome of our worldly hypocrites, could have railed againſt his own villany to avoid ſuſpicion; and in caſe he thought himſelf powerful enough, would have made bold to juſtify it, for it is the opinion of ſome daring ſouls, that the more they are feared, the more they are obeyed.

"*In the firſt place gentlemen, you muſt know, that my name is———*". *Here ſhe made a full ſtop, having forgot how the curate had chriſtened her.*) P. 36.—35.

Oportet mendacem eſſe memorem.

Sinon made no ſcruple of that infamous lie about the *Trojan* horſe, but with a ſolemnity commanding belief, laid the whole affair on the gods, and called it their artifice.

Divinâ Palladis Arte.

The motto under the text to this note, *That liars ought to have good memories*, leads me to notice the memories of perſons of very different characters. *Cæſar's* memory was ſo ſtrong, that he could call all his ſoldiers by their names. *Seneca* remembered all he had read, and all he had written. Some remember more than they ſhould, and others not ſo much. *Dorothea* forgot herſelf at firſt ſetting out with her ſtory, it being all fiction, but after the firſt halt, ſhe went on with a good grace.

Don Quixote hearing this circumſtance, cried, what do you think now, friend Sancho?) P. 39—39.

The Don is tranſported, and being raiſed in his judgement and imagination, ſuppoſes the work done, before it is begun; the enemy ſlain, the queen reſtored, himſelf inaugurated and naturalized, his royal robes on, and the glittering enſigns of his ſtate and dignity born before him, while, paſſing through crouds

crouds of adorning ſuppliants, he is proclaimed king of *Micomicon.*

For, while my memory is engroſſed, my will enſlaved, and my underſtanding ſubjected to her who——I ſay no more; but that it is impoſſible I ſhould incline, or have the leaſt thought towards marrying any other perſon, though ſhe were a perfect Phœnix.) P. 41.—40.

Neither beauty, virtue, nor affability, are the objects of every ones love: For we frequently make choice of wives, who are neither fair nor ſenſible. There are others, who give the preference to beauty alone, and yet fail of being happy; though this is not to be wondered at, for if beauty alone is the attracting object, it is ſoon in eclipſe like the ſun, and being loſt to view, ceaſes to be admired. Many *Ariadnes* have been deſpiſed and rejected long before the *honey-moon* has been over, and have undergone more tedious and cruel ſeperations, than that of *Penelope*'s of old. The Don's affections were fixed, but what the perfections of *Dulcinea* were, we have not yet been told; and therefore it is probable his love was like the man's in the epigram.

Non amo te (ſabidi) nec poſſum dicere quare;
Hoc tantum poſſum dicere, non amo te
è Converſo.

The Don's irrefragable conſtancy to *Dulcinea*, and refuſal of this *Phœnix*, provoked *Sancho*'s ambitious ſpirit, and made him chatter like a jay.

Sancho was ſo much diſguſted at this laſt declaration of his maſter, refuſing the marriage, that raiſing his voice, he cried, with great indignation, "*Signor Don Quixote, I vow and ſwear your worſhip is crazy.*") P. 41.—40.

What, deſpiſe a *Phœnix?* O owl! thou haſt kept company with bats, buzzards, and beetles, in your retirement in the deſert! It is obſtinate blindneſs to ſhut your eyes againſt the *Phœnix* of the age, made bright by the aſhes of affliction, and hunt after a pole-cat: One glance of the queen's eye, is more lovely and bewitching, than *Dulcinea*'s heart, were ſhe to caſt it up; which, would it were out, rather than it ſhould prevent us in our progreſs to honour. Pray, Sir, ſettle your affection here, and deſpiſe that ſcavenger's load at *Toboſo*. Though not in theſe words, to this effect exclaimed *Sancho* againſt his maſter's ignorance and ſtupidity, which raiſed the Don's wrath, and drew down vengeance on the Squire.

———*Manet altâ mente repoſtûm*
Judicium ſtolidi, ſpretæque injuria Doudæ.

Wars

Wars have been waged, and nations embroiled in blood one against another, upon similar occasions.

CHAP. IV.

" *All this is pretty well; proceed, said Don Quixote: How was that queen of beauty employed when you arrived? I dare say, you found her stringing pearls, &c.)* P. 47.—46.

THIS dialogue between the *Don* and *Sancho*, concerning the high and mighty *Dulcinea*, may be compared to those of *Lucian*, it being *Laus & vituperium Rei*, full of hyperbolical and ridiculous flatteries on the Don's side, and blunt downright abuses on *Sancho's*.

Some friendly sage must have carried thee through the air, though thou didst not perceive it.) P. 51.—51.

Mephistopholus is the spirit of expedition, and consigned to attend on Knight-errants, their ladies, and affairs; for the Knights and Squires ride as if the devil was under them, and their ladies, as if the devil was in them, or over them: *Paccolet*'s horse for the lords, and *Ephialtes* the *night-mare* for their viragos; probably *Dulcinea*, committed *Sancho* to the care of one of her familiars, who gave him the

the *Presto* and a *vade celeriter* through the air; but he came not flying, but lying, all the way. By the help of these *Necromantical pneumatergies*, the famous *Drake* encompassed the world, and shot the great gulph, where as we are told, he remained three days before he rose again *.

Wherefore, without troubling yourself at present, about my lady Dulcinea, I would have you go and slay the giant.) P. 53.—52.

Well advised, *Sancho*, always kill the bear before you divide the skin. The Squire is for a head in a platter, a thief in chains, a mastiff in a muzzle, a bird in hand, and a fish in the net. Such plain and easy proverbs learned in his rustical life, were of great use to him in his military affairs, for he was now a soldier of fortune, and it concerned him as much as his earldom, to have the giants head in his wallet, by way of removing all difficulties and obstructions to his honour and preferment. He was like the Irish soldier,

* From the conclusion of this note, it is probable, some such story had been told of *Drake*; be that as it will, some of our modern voyagers have imposed things on the public equally as miraculous.

who

who ſeeing an enemy dead, did not think him ſecure till he cut off his head, and then boaſted he had killed him.

In like manner, ſaid Sancho, *I have heard a prieſt in the pulpit obſerve, that we muſt love our Saviour for his own ſake, without being moved thereto by any fear of puniſhment, or hopes of applauſe.*) P. 54.—53.

This wants a *Lipſian* marginal, a *nollem dictum mi Tacite.* For where the hiſtorian makes too free in cenſuring the actions of the gods, as he frequently did with the emperors; he ſays, *Credo diis magis noſtram ultionem curæ eſſe quam ſecuritatem. Sancho* was only a cenſurer of men, or rather, of himſelf, for he very honeſtly gave his reaſons for ſerving God, which being profane, ſhould have been omitted; though it is to be feared they are generally too true: For it has been obſerved, that our prayers are made to the Gods, but the matter is for ourſelves.

Prima fere vota, & cunctis notiſſima Templis
Divitiæ ut creſcant, ut opes ut maxima toto,
———noſtra ſit Arca foro.

Which may be tranſlated thus:

The

The ſum of moſt mens oraiſons is this,
Deſcend O Jove, *as once thou didſt of old,*
Into thy Danae's *lap (the ſeat of bliſs)*
And fill our cheſts with ſplendid ſhow'rs of gold.

At that inſtant, maſter Nicholas calling aloud to them, to ſtop a little, that the reſt might have time to drink at a ſpring which they found in their way.) P. 54.—53.

The curate did well to put them in mind of the ſpring, for their diſcourſe was very dry. Water is good for many things, and never was more ſerviceable than at preſent. It was uſeful to waſh *Sancho*'s foul mouth, after the various lies he had told his maſter. It was good for the *Don* and *Cardenio*, who looked like Weſtphalia flitches, with their long watching and faſting. It was good for the *Licentiate*, who as a ſcholar, was to taſte of the fountain in memory of *Parnaſſus*; and as a divine, in remembrance of his holy-water: It was good for the lady *Dorothea*, that ſhe might be ſtiled the only meritorious and ſacred nymph of that fountain; and, laſtly, it would have been uſeful to the *barber*, if he had carried his waſh-ball and inſtruments about him, who might have ſhaved the whole company gratis, or *ſymbolo ſoluto*, paying nothing at the next inn towards the reckoning. How-

However, as this could not be done, the curate desired them to sit down, like those of the first age, making a grass-plat their table, and accept of his *parabile*, and sentences in praise of slender diet, *as modicum non nocet*, *Natura minimo contenta*, especially to those who had fasted so long; and though *venter caret Auribus*, is a common saying, yet, in case of a general want, the belly must hear with other ears, and be governed by the œconomical discipline of the whole body.

I am that same individual young man, called Andrew, whom your worship delivered from the tree to which I was tied.) P. 54.—54.

The Don began to exult at the sight of poor *Andrew*, and valued himself for the greatest piece of chivalry that ever was performed by Knight-errant, supposing that *Andrew* would magnify his redemption, and praise the valorous encounter: Big with this thought, he began to question the boy before the company; but the issue of the dialogue was similar to that with *Sancho*, concerning *Dulcinea*, and tended as much to his honour, as that did to her's.

Answer without perturbation or doubt, and tell this honourable company what passed.) P. 55.—55.

Cried

Infandum jubes renovare dolorem,

Cried *Andrew*, "Sir Knight, pleaſe to let me pull off my cloaths, and there read the bloody hiſtory, for I am ſo ſcarrified, that a very little cookery would make me an excellent carbonado. I have many proofs about me of your honour's interceſſion; but what diſturbed me moſt, after your worſhip's departure, was my maſter's jeers; for theſe were harder to be born than the ſtripes on my back; ſo that my ſecond puniſhment was worſe than the firſt, owing to your wiſdom's ill-timed friendſhip; for which, may the devil confound you and all your race."

CHAP. V.

The hoſteſs recounted to them what had happened in her houſe, between him and the carrier; then looking round the room, and ſeeing Sancho *was not preſent, ſhe told the whole ſtory of the blanketting, to the no ſmall entertainment of the company.*) P. 60.—59.

THE converſation, buſineſs, or behaviour, of departed gueſts, generally ſupply our inn-keepers with matter to entertain the ſucceeding travellers. Were we inquiſitive, we might eaſily find out moſt mens (and womens) inten-

intentions, inclinations, and designs, by following them a day's journey behind on the road. We generally discover our real thoughts and dispositions freely and without disguise, where we are not known, being regardless of detection; but if we consider things properly, we shall find that it is almost impossible to conceal our actions from the world; for what we wish to hide from it, is sometime or other made known by such unforeseen accidents, that we may venture to pronounce, *there is a secret curse attends doing that which is wrong.*

I have now in my custody two or three of them, together with some other papers, which, I verily believe, have preserved not only my life, but also that of many others; for, in harvest time, a great number of reapers come hither, to pass the heat of the day, &c.) P. 60.—59.

The host's policy, in drawing company to his house, and keeping them there when he had them, was a laudable piece of ingenuity, and the manner of entertaining them, much more commendable than the usual diversions of gaming. A gentleman was once distressed for workmen to get his harvest in, every one pretending he was engaged, which was not the real case; whereupon, he thought of a scheme to entice them; this, was to procure a bear and fiddle, proclaiming free access

to the ſport for every one: It ſucceeded, and ſoon drew the workmen to him from all parts, and by means of his *brewings* of *beer*, and *Bruin* the *bear*, he ſoon got his work done.

Hold your peace, child, ſaid the landlady; methinks you too well acquainted with theſe things: Young maidens, like you, ſhould neither know nor ſpeak ſo much.) P. 61.—61.

The daughter's knowledge in theſe matters is not to be wondered at, ſince her mother was a dame of good underſtanding herſelf. Eggs that are hatched in an oven, generally bring forth ſpirited chickens. *Romulus* was cruel, being ſuckled by a wolf.* What we imbibe in our infancy from our mothers and nurſes, is not curable by phyſic, the miſchief being ſcattered through the very firſt principles of nature, and is no more to be diſcovered than *Matera prima*; and as *Pliny* ſaith, *Morbi ſicut alia legantur*, our diſ-

* Our author here falls in with the common traditionary ſtory, which is not true: For Romulus, and his twin-brother Remus, being expoſed by the river Tyber, were found by Fauſtulus, whoſe wife brought them up; and ſhe being a common harlot, was called *Lupa*, from whence they were ſaid to be ſuckled by a *wolf*.

eaſes

eaſes are as hereditary from our parents, as their eſtates; and ſo are our vices, eſpecially thoſe *ab utero derivata:* For, *partus ſequitur ventrem*, and I do not remember to have read, that ever a *Meſſallina* brought forth a *Lucreece.*

What! you intend to burn theſe books? then ſaid the inn-keeper.) P. 62.—61.

He would have committed his wife to the flames with leſs compunction; for his books were the bait with which he catched his gudgeons; the cement of his company, drawing more than his ſign, or any thing within the houſe, except the *tapſter.*

It is impoſible for publicans to live, unleſs they have ſomething new, curious, and uncommon, for the entertainment of their cuſtomers. Each reigns in his turn. An inſtance or two, may ſuffice to prove this. A hoſt riding through a river, catched a very large Eel with his horſe's hoof, which having a looſe nail, ſtuck in the fiſh and held it faſt. The largeneſs of the Eel, and the wonderful manner of taking it, drew company to his houſe to have a ſight of it, he having ſtuffed the ſkin till it was ready to burſt, in order to magnify the miracle, for he was too cunning to mention a word about the looſe nail. But this trick was but for a time, for a brother landlord being jealous of his ſucceſs, and finding every one went to ſee the Eel; adver-

tised a pike, which he declared he had taken, with a live wild-duck in its belly; this drew all the company from the Eel, and verified the proverb, that *every dog hath his day.*

CHAP. VI.* and VII.

MR. *Gayton*, makes no remarks on the story of the *Impertinent Curiosity*, which is the contents of these two chapters, and part of the eighth; but comments on what the curate says at the conclusion of the story (see page 124, in *Smollett*'s translation, and page 123 in *Jarvis*) by telling some stories similar to it. The first is too trivial, and the second too indecent to have a place here, therefore the Editor has omitted both: But the third being entertaining, though tedious in the original, is reduced into the present form, as follows:

The RIDICULOUS MALECONTENT,

A TALE.

THERE was a *Clarissimo* of *Venice* (a dignity not inferior to that of the Roman *Patricii*) who, besides his noble birth, was a man of vast revenues; and, as an addition to his happiness, was blessed with a wife of in-

* Page 66, in Smollett and Jarvis.

compa-

comparable beauty and virtue. Though jealouſy is the natural growth of *Italy*, yet, he was neither jealous, nor laid her under thoſe cuſtomary reſtrains that other huſbands practiſe, but permitted her to appear in public, and indulged her with the privilege of entertaining her friends in her own perſon, unveiled, and unſuſpected: So, that, they were eſteemed as the miracle of *Venice*; ſhe, for her tranſcendent beauty and good conduct; and he, for his liberal turn of mind, indulgencies, and permiſſions.

The only bar to the *Clariſſimo*'s happineſs, was the want of iſſue to inherit his title and eſtates; and his not being bleſſed with any after four years marriage, gave him great uneaſineſs; eſpecially, as he imagined, from his age (being twice as old as his lady) that he never ſhould have any. The vanity of an old man, might, in ſome meaſure, make him wiſh for children; but his principal reaſon aroſe from a hatred he bore his brother, who, on ſome occaſion, had not behaved well, and therefore he was unwilling he ſhould inherit his fortune at his death. Uneaſy and diſtreſſed in mind, how to diſappoint the expectations of his brother, he at laſt determined to be made a father by ſome means or other, at all events: But how to effect it, was *res ardua*; for, as his

wife was both innocent and virtuous, he ſuppoſed her incapable of receiving a proxy, though he ſhould ſolicit it, and therefore, he had no hopes of ſucceſs in communicating his romantic deſign to her; however, he reſolved to put his ſcheme in execution.

He had frequently noticed an Engliſh merchant on the *Piazza*, who was not only young but beautiful: Him he thought the moſt likely perſon for his purpoſe, and therefore gave him an invitation to his houſe. In a few days, the *Clariſſimo's* civilities brought on an intimacy, nor was the merchant able to withſtand his ſolicitations, being charmed with the perſon, company, and converſation of his lady. One day, after dinner, the *Clariſſimo* took the merchant into his garden, and in a retired part of it, diſcloſed his purpoſe in the following manner.

"Sir, your perſon and candid diſpoſition charm me, and therefore, the freedom I have of late indulged you with, is but the prelude to greater privileges. You ſeem to admire my wife, who doubtleſs, is not only in perſon, but diſpoſition, more than woman; yet, I am ſo unfortunate as to be miſerable. The cauſe is the want of children, and what adds to the weight of this misfortune is, my having a brother, whoſe wicked diſpoſition leads him to every thing that is evil. Like a vulture, he waits

waits for my carcaſs; not a bell tolls, but he wiſhes it for me; his *how d' you* man comes every day to know how I ſlept the laſt night, when his errand is to enquire whether I have ſlept my laſt. To diſappoint this ravenous expectant of his hopes, and prevent his malignant iſſue from enjoying my fortune, is all I wiſh; to effect this deſign, I have in a happy hour, made choice of thee: Proxies are allowed in all courts, and why not in caſes of this ſort? All things conſpire in thee, to effect my wiſhes, and accompliſh that, which will make me happy. This night *Euphema* (that being the lady's name) ſleeps within thy arms. Be confident I am ſerious, and with your conſent, will, by fair or foul means, have the matter executed." The merchant promiſed to fulfil his wiſhes, provided the lady could be brought to conſent, at the ſame time, flattering himſelf, that his perſon and addreſs might prevail. Matters being thus ſettled, the *Clariſſimo* returned from the garden to his lady, and acquainted her with his propoſterous, and unnatural deſign, threatening inſtant death if ſhe refuſed. *Euphema*'s ſurpriſe rendered her incapable of making any reply, being loſt in horror and amazement. Night approached, the fatal hour arrived: The *Clariſſimo* conducted the merchant to his own chamber, and in a ſhort time dragged in *Euphema* by force.

Her

Her tears and entreaties were not able to make him relinquish his purpose, for he soon withdrew and locked the door, leaving her to the mercy of the merchant, whose thoughts were exalted with the proposed joy; and, though the lady seemed reluctant, the protection of the *Clarissimo* gave him spirits. The elegance of the room, rich furniture, stately bed, and above all, the beauty of *Euphema*, conspired to render it a perfect paradise; wherefore, with pidgeon speed he flew to his Venus; and said, "madam, it is improper as well as unkind, to be coy, and not embrace the present golden opportunity which the god of love has given you for the enjoyment of supernal delights."

Euphema, dreading the consequences of an absolute refusal from her critical situation, and vowed revenge of her lord, fell on her knees, bathed in tears, saying to the merchant; "Sir, if your heart is susceptible of the least humanity, pity me as a distressed women, whose conduct in life, and virtuous disposition, lead me to consider my present rigorous treatment from a barbarous husband, in the most horrid light. You seem to be a gentleman; if so, shew your nobleness of mind, and do not take that cruel advantage of me which is now given you; save, protect, and vindicate that, which is dearest to me; a fame unspotted, a chaste mind, and the honour of a yet undefiled bed!"

The

The merchant raiſed her from the ground, and rallied her on the folly of a refuſal; adding with great art, the danger which might inſue from the malice of her huſband by a diſappointment. "In pure deſire," continued he, "of ſaving your precious life, I muſt inſiſt on proſecuting your lord's command." At theſe words, *Euphema* fell at his feet again, and ſaid, "think, O think, generous *Engliſhman*, of the crime you are endeavouring to commit; will the authority of a madman prove a ſufficient expiation for you, or even me? Will you turn journey-man to the Devil?—Have you a mother, or a ſiſter, Sir?"—"Both," replied the merchant. "What would you think of them," reſumed ſhe, "if the one ſhould be falſe to your father's bed, or the other, too eaſily relinquiſh her fame, honour, and virtue, by a commiſſion of the crime you ſolicit me to be guilty of?"

The merchant was ſtartled at theſe queries: His ſiſter was very young, and dear to him, and at that time her picture hung at his breaſt; which, with the force of what *Euphema* had ſaid, recalled her to his memory, and raiſed every tender ſentiment in his boſom: Virtue, honour, and generoſity, roſe in his ſoul, and baniſhed every baſe, unmanly thought. Taking *Euphema* by the hand, he begged pardon for his bold ſolicitation, and called heaven and earth,

earth, angels and men, to witness how much he admired her virtue; how much he condemned himself for joining with her husband in so wicked a proceeding; at the same time, vowing to protect her from his malice and revenge, should any violence be offered.

This unexpected generosity, brought tears of joy from *Euphema*, and what before was hatred, changed to reverence and love. The injury offered by her husband, banished every thought of duty and respect, and being warmed by gratitude, she told the merchant, that if ever fate should release her from the ungenerous and unnatural partner of her bed, she would willing give him the preference of all men living. This kind return of generosity was very pleasing to the merchant, who replied, "madam, I am so struck with your person, but more so with your high sense of virtue and honour, that if you and the fates decree me that happiness, it is not seven years expectation that can weary my patience; not, but I hope the gods will hasten my felicity. I wish to perish to all eternity, if ever I give you one moments uneasiness. I am ashamed of what has happened, and can scarce believe what I have heard, because my guilt tells me I am underserving of such goodness."

Euphema, confident that these expressions were real, said, "your protestations of fidelity

lity are ſuch, that I will not queſton their ſincerity, or have the leaſt doubt or ſcruple about them: But, if you wiſh me happy, it is neceſſary that you join with me in an innocent deception, in order to evade my huſband's reſentment, and ſecure my preſent happineſs; which, cannot be effected but by a pretended acquieſcence to his commands. I have heard much of platonic love, let us now experience it. To-morrow he will demand of you, how far I complied with his injunctions: If you are that friend you have profeſſed yourſelf, you will make him eaſy, that I may be ſo: It is a deceit the Gods will ſurely pardon, ſince it is in the defence of virtue. If ever the time comes you ſeem to wiſh, and I have no reaſon but to hope for it, depend on my fulfilling the promiſe I have made, provided your virtue and integrity lead you to conduct this affair with decency and honour."

The merchant was tranſported at this repeated aſſurance of her firm attachment and conſtancy, and after a moſt ſolemn promiſe to perform every thing ſhe wiſhed, he ſealed his vows with a religious kiſs. The apprehenſion of the *Clariſſimo*'s coming to be ſatisfied of the certainty of what might be called his own diſhonour, made it neceſſary for them to enter the bed, in order to remove ſuſpicion; but *Euphema* inſiſted that a cimeter, which hung in the

the room, ſhould be placed between them; which was no bad emblem of the danger of violating oaths, at the ſame time, that it might be conſidered as a ceremony ratifying their contract. The merchant wiſhed the edge of the weapon on the laſt thread of the *Clariſſimo*'s life, that it might prove his *Atropos*, and make a ſhort *cut* to his deſires.

In the morning, the *Clariſſimo* entered the chamber, and ſaluted them both with great pleaſure. The merchant ſaid, "You need not now fear your brother's enjoying your eſtate and title, here is noble *Clariſſimo*" (pointing to *Euphema*) "*Intus exiſtens alienum prohibens.*" The huſband was ſatisfied, and never in the leaſt ſuſpected the trick played him.

In a ſhort time, he was ſiezed with a dangerous illneſs, during which, his conſcience reproached him, for his raſh folly in violating his wife's chaſtity and virtue. Finding himſelf at the point of death, he tenderly called her to him, and begged her forgiveneſs, at the ſame time, requeſting that ſhe would conceal his crime from the world. *Euphema*'s goodneſs of heart, would not ſuffer her to let him be longer deceived; ſhe therefore diſcovered the whole affair, and gave peace to his troubled mind. His joy was unſpeakable, and his gratitude ſincere, and all he wiſhed for, was, to have lived to

have

have ſhown it in the moſt extenſive manner; however, finding death approach, he ſettled her in the full poſſeſſion of his *unbounded* fortune, and with his laſt breath recommended to her, to fulfil her engagements with the generous merchant, and departed, leaving her convert to be her comforter; and when the days of public ſorrow were over, they were married without the intervention of a cimeter.

CHAP. VIII.

That inſtant they heard a great noiſe in the apartment, and Don Quixote pronounced aloud, "Stay, villain, robber, caitiff.") P. 114. —114.

THE Don was diſturbed in his ſleep with the giant, who had employed his thoughts when awake. His fancy preſented a wall-eyed giant to him, whether with a head, or without a head, is very much to be doubted; but this apparition worked ſuch real effects with the Knight, that he forſook his bed, and ſallying forth with ſword in hand, gave battle to the defenceleſs walls.

Men of great atchievements, are frequently diſturbed in their ſleep; their ſpirits aſ-

cending upwards, too faſt for the brain to ſuſtain them.

Alexander, after he had killed his truſtieſt friend, roſe frequently in the night, ſuppoſing he called for revenge; and could by no means be brought to ſleep again, till he had drowned his ſenſes in Grecian wine.

Achillis was ſo troubled with the thought of his *undipped heel*, and the ſudden approach of the *Trojan* battle, that he aſſayed many nights with both his heels together, which made him ſplay-footed for ever after.

Hector's unquiet ſpirit wandered on the Elyſian ſhore, and ſhowed his wounds to many truſty Trojans, but eſpecially to Æneas, who was ready to fly without his warning of, *I, fuge nate Deâ*, &c. *

Brutus, *Caſſius*, *Mark Anthony* (and *Cæſar*, before his aſſaſſination) being all active ſpi-

---

* The above inſtances, call to mind what Lucretius ſays,

—Quoi quiſque fere ſtudio devinctus adhæret:
Aut quibus in rebus multùm ſumus antè morati:
Atque in qua ratione fuit contenta magis mens;
In ſomnis eadem plerumque videmur obire.

We commonly run over in our ſleep, thoſe very things on which the mind was ſtudiouſly employed when we were awake.

rits,

rits, were troubled with the ſame diſorder; nor was *Mars* himſelf exempted; for, though thoſe deities are ſaid to be *Inſomnes*, yet, after a carouſe of *Nepenthean* wine, they are in a trance, which is the ſame to them as our ſleep. For, if they were always awake, how could *Vulcan* ſo often have taken *Mars* at a nap with *Venus?* nay, one of their Gods is *Morpheus*, a heavy headed *Numen*, who, though he ſleeps not at night, goes to bed at cock-crowing, and there nuzzles till *Heſperus* cramps him by the toes.

Yet, for all that, the poor Knight did not awake, until the barber, fetching a kettle of cold water from the well, ſouſed him all over.) P. 115.—115.

ἀϱιϛὸν μὲν ὕδωϱ. *Water is good for any thing:* And wherever the barber met with this recipe for a dead ſleep, it was on *dry* device, *Veritatem è puteo hauriunt tantam*, the truth of it is, it was a good *Probatum* for a lethargy, and being drawn from a deep well, was an efficacious remedy for a deep ſleep. The *Moon* was always beholden to the *Pleiades* for waking *Endymion*.

Fell upon his knees before the prieſt, ſaying, "renowned princeſs, &c.) P. 116.—116.

A juſt contrary *error perſonæ* was committed at *Bellofite*, where an epilogue was to be addreſſed to the emperor; but the ignorant actor who was to deliver it, looked about for the greateſt perſon amongſt the auditors, which proved to be the hoſteſs of an inn, who ſat in great pomp; bowing to whom, he ſpoke theſe lines:

With bended knees (great Cæſar) *we*
Addreſs our Epilogue to thee,
Who hither in great ſtate art come,
To ſee the hiſt'ry of Jack Drum.
To thee we render all obeiſance,
For deigning us thy dreadful preſence;
May'ſt thou grow greater ſtill, and thrive,
Till thou'rt the greateſt thing alive:
O may thy race ſo fruitful be,
To ſociate all monarchy;
And may your next ſtupendious birth,
Be th' Leviathan *o'th' Earth!*

The blunder of the actor drew the laugh on the hoſteſs, upon which ſhe left her ſeat, and purſuing him, gave him a *plaudit* on the ears for his reward.

At length the barber, curate, and Cardenio, with no ſmall difficulty, put the Knight to bed again.) P. 117.—116.

Three

Three to one was odds, therefore his ſtout heart was obliged to yield; not, that it was any diſgrace to be overcome by multitudes, eſpecially as they were either inchanters, or inchanted: The barber being transformed into an ox backward, as, *homo eſt arbos reverſa*, and ſo was tonſor *(bos reverſus:)* Cardenio, a goat newly transformed into a man again; and the curate the *inchanter*; ſo, that the Don was like *Circe*'s captives, charmed into a ſleep, deep as his high thoughts.

CHAP. IX.

At that inſtant, the landlord ſtanding at the inn door, exclaimed, "There is a noble company: Odd! if they halt here, we ſhall ſing for joy.") P. 124.—124.

SUCH as theſe were true ſaints days to our hoſts, and here was two together: *Sancta Dorothea*, was an authentic ſaint; *Lucinda* was a virgin martyr; *Cardenio* a devout pilgrim; and Don *Fernando*, after his penance, joined with *Sancta Clara*, will make it a holyday and a half. It was very proper for theſe ſaints to meet at the ſign of the *St. George*, who ſlew the dragon which was to pray upon the virgin. The truth of this ſtory hath been

doubted by ſome of our countrymen, as appears by the following epigram.

They ſay there is no Dragon,
Nor no St. George, *'tis ſaid:*
St. George *and* Dragon *loſt,*
Pray heav'n there be a maid!

Which was ſmartly anſwered by the following:

St. George, *indeed, is dead,*
And the fierce Dragon *ſlain;*
The maid liv'd ſo, and dy'd;
She'll ne'er do ſo again.

CHAP. X.

I told thee, that every incident which happened was conducted and brought about by inchantment.) P. 137.—137.

SIR, ſaid *Sancho*, was my adventure of the blanket an inchantment? No, no, your worſhip has been in a dream all this time; not but I think the hoſt an inchanter; his wife, daughter, and maid, devils incarnate: Therefore, Sir, pleaſe to ſearch your pockets, and ſee if you can find money enough to diſcharge our reckoning, for there is a long ſcore at the letter Q, which ſtands, I am afraid, for your worſhip's whole name; there-

therefore, if you cannot wipe it off with a wet finger, ſhow yourſelf a man with your hands for this once, and deliver us from the chalky-way.

Sancho, replied *Don Quixote*, I will not leave thee, till I have carried thee to the *milky-way*, where I will place thee and thy aſs as conſtellations. O, Sir, ſays *Sancho*, the *milky-way* is the road home again to the dairy at the *Mancha*.

CHAP. XI.

The Knight proceeded thus: "Since we began with the ſtudent, repreſenting his poverty in all its circumſtances, let us ſee if the ſoldier be more wealthy, &.") P. 149.—148.

O mighty Jove! *what have I liv'd to ſee!*
A paltry Graduate *compar'd to me?*

THE Don, with great warmth in this oration, laboured to prove the ſuperiority of the man of valour, over the man of wiſdom. It therefore becomes me, as a commentator, to enlarge the ſubject, and ſet the matter in a clear light.

Pallas was the equal goddeſs of wiſdom, and of arms. The purple of the field, as well as the ſchools, the green laurel of the bar, and the

the gilded laurel of the ſtandard, are her donatives and rewards: And, though ſhe appears as often armed, as in her canded robes, yet the men of learning engroſs her to themſelves, and will not allow the men of the ſword the leaſt intereſt in her. Being the offspring of *Jupiter*'s brain, *Sine Matre Filia*, they, with ſome reaſon, may lay the greater claim to her, becauſe their labour is *opus Cerebri*, the work of the brain. They allow us, indeed, ſome intereſt in *Jove*, through *Bacchus*, who, being the God of wine, is alſo the God of quarrels, from whence the ſoldier's profeſſion had its riſe. But they lay claim to the nine *Muſes* and *Apollo*, though when he is an archer, they refuſe his being preſident of the company. O generation of fictitious minters! Is not *Apollo* a *deity-errant*, who runs over the world every twenty-four hours? Did he not ſlay the great dragon *Python?* And like a valiant Knight-errant, did he not make choice of the celebrated *Daphne* for his *Dulcinea*, but loſt her by her inchantment into a *bay-tree?* Yet, though he could not *win* her, he *wears* her about his brows, as a ſign of his true affection.

Thus have the ſons of wiſdom cheated the world with the antiquity of their original! and think to overcome the brethren of the

ſword

ſword by numbers, laying claim to poets, painters, muſicians, hiſtorians, divines, lawyers, phyſicians, merchants, artificers, &c. &c. &c. ſo that they have hardly left one man to follow the profeſſion of a ſoldier, except butchers: Theſe not being exempted, will anſwer the purpoſe, for though they are not allowed to be *de jure Pacis*, they are *de Jure Belli*. The ſons of wiſdom alſo pretend, that the labour of their ſtudies, exceed thoſe of the ſoldier, as much as mental and ſpiritual labours tranſcend thoſe that are corporeal. Tutors and ſchool-maſters do labour, it muſt be confeſſed, but not ſo much as the ſcholars under them, whoſe labour is generally corporeal.

Huc ades, hæc animo concipe dicta tuo.

A very fair invitation to a poor commons, which ends moſt probably in *lachrymæ*; or a

Parce precor, poſt hâc æternùm verſificabor.

Is that *animo concipere?* Able ſchool-maſters, are very uſeful and neceſſary inſtruments in a common-wealth; for without the ſeeds of knowledge, and principles of learning, no man can ſerve either his prince, his country, or himſelf. Therefore, thoſe men who train up youth under good diſcipline, in the various

ous branches of education, are worthy of esteem, honour, and reward. It is to be wished, that parents, guardians, and others, whom it concerns, would consider men of this profession with an eye of favour, and give them the preference over dancing masters, &c. &c. for it is a melancholy truth, that the latter generally have the ascendency, and are better paid for teaching an idle amusement, than those who educate our children in the most important affairs of life, and fit them for the world. A school-master, after he has brought up a hundred scholars, shall have nothing but his punctual *minerval*, and is left to his *mill*, to wear out his life like a horse, with continual exercise, forgotten both by parents and scholars; unless he be a *Seneca*, or an *Aristotle*, whose scholars, *Alexander* and *Nero*, were able men, and good soldiers; though the latter wished a *Nesciisset Literas*, the knowledge of arms being more suitable to a prince than books. And though *Alexander* loved and admired *Aristotle*, he followed the camp, and left him to his *parva naturalia*. *Cæsar* also was a great soldier, and a great scholar; and wrote with the same spirit and genius which he fought. There is one thing that does great discredit to learning, and that is, that its professors, like soothsayers, are either quarrelling with one another,

another, or laughing at one another. For which reaſon, probably, the *grand Signior* and *ſoldier* of the world allows of no learning. And *Plato* baniſhed poets out of his common wealth; yet, how many have we in theſe days, running up and down the world, who have every thing in their heads but bread. It is better to know nothing than to know want: But they will anſwer to this, with ſome Stoical ſentence, ſuch as, it is better to know how to want, than to want knowledge.

So much for learning: We will diſpute no more, but take up arms.

Of Arms.

The *tree* of *knowledge*, was the moſt glorious ſtock of *Paradiſe:* But our firſt parents were forbid taſting the fruit of that tree: The bold attempting of which, contrary to the prohibition, diſpoſſeſſed the aſpirers of that beautiful garden, and introduced the uſe of arms to the world: A flaming ſword being ſent for an eternal bar upon the paſs, that they ſhould not re-enter.

While there were but few perſons in the world, military arts and wars were neither known nor neceſſary; but, as the generations of men multiplied, ſocieties, goverments, and

and kingdoms, were eſtabliſhed, and laws inſtituted for the ſecurity of *meum* and *tuum*: The vindex of which laws, if they were infringed or oppoſed, was the public magiſtrate. The multitude, in the infancy of the world, being rude and uncivilized, offended ſometimes with ſuch violence, that the delegated power could not reſtrain them. In order to remedy theſe inconveniencies, and prevent future inſurrections, a military power was raiſed, to defend the magiſtrate againſt contempt and violence, and to be a protection, not only in caſes of civil commotions, but of foreign invaſions.

At home the ſoldier's life is eaſy; but when he is commanded forth to revenge the injuries of his king and country, he his worthy notice: What long marches, tedious ſieges, ſhort allowance, dangerous duties, and gallant ends? A little more troubleſome than rattling chains in a library, and tumbling over muſty authors from morning till night; not a line hurts there, but, in a ſoldier's line, hundreds of brave fellows perchance, may have their *ultima linea rerum*. This is the ſoldier's *rubrick*; the letter which immortalizes, or rather canonizes him. Vengeance take all guns, bullets, powder, and the authors of them! Printing and they were about of an age, and the d—l knows which

is

is the worſt. They were invented for diſpatch, and ſo they do to ſome purpoſe: The one raiſes the quarrel, and the other defends it, while both ſides rue it.

There is no end of ſpeaking in praiſe of the ancient and honourable profeſſion of a ſoldier, which, throughout the world, is formidable! Whatever country we travel into, we find monuments erected in memory of glorious battles and heroes. And here, the ſcholars are beholding to the men of arms; for, what hath employed them ſo much, as the hiſtories of princes, nations, and wars? when every other ſubject was exhauſted. The ſoldier fights, and the hiſtorian receives the benefit of it. From this learned diſſertation, it is evident, that the ſoldier juſty claims pre-eminence over the ſcholar, and exceeds him in as great a degree, as a ſword does a pen-knife, or a campania a brown ſtudy.

CHAP. XII, XIII, and XIV.

THESE three chapters, in the hiſtory, contain the ſtory of the captive; on which *Mr. Gayton* made no remarks, but relates the ſtory in verſe, in the ſame manner as thoſe of *Cardenio* and *Dorothea*, which is omitted here, for reaſons given before.

CHAP. XV.

It was now night, when a coach arrived at the inn, attended by ſome men on horſeback, who demanded lodging: And the landlady made anſwer, that there was not in the whole houſe an handful of room unengaged. "Be that as it will, ſaid one of the horſemen, who had entered the gate, there muſt be ſome found for my lord judge.") P. 204.—203.

THE hoſteſs was alarmed at the name of judge, and conſented to quit her own apartment to accomodate his honour; eſpecially, as he appeared in his robes. Theſe habits and formalities, terrify the ignorant, and extort obedience and ſubmiſſion; but take away theſe embelliſhments from any order of men, and they appear as contemptible and naked as the *jack-daw* in the fable, ſtripped of his borrowed feathers.—*Ex humeris Aulæa Togæ.*

It was good policy of the Roman Senators, who, being vanquiſhed by the *Galli Senones*, fled to the capitol, and there ſat in their *Patrician* robes, full of gravity and majeſty; which produced more awe from the barbarous ſoldiers, than their enſigns or their engins, inſomuch, that they took them for gods, until

until their officers made them plunder them as men. What regard would be paid to a *Prætor* without his trappinged horſe, gold chain, and cap of maintenance? For this reaſon the philoſophers of old nouriſhed their beards, as our modern divines and philoſophers do their wigs; not that they are the wiſer for the buſh, but that it commands reverence, and gains eſteem. Had my lord judge entered the inn as a common man, the hoſteſs would not have given up her own bed; but being dreſſed in his robes, ſhe idolized him, and imagined there was danger in refuſing him a lodging.

Then the curate briefly recapitulated the ſtory of Zorayda, to which the judge liſtened with more attention than ever he had yielded on the bench.) P. 208.—207.

What, not at an aſſize ſermon? from which, not only the Spaniſh, but moſt other judges, generally take their charge, and are as much beholden to the preacher's adviſe from the pulpit, as he was before to *Fonſecas Poſtils*; but here the curate ſhewed his art, and ſo ſuccinctly analyzed and epitomized the long ſtory of the captive, that if his repetitions were with half the pains ſummed up *ad populum*, his auditors would have been leſs liable to ſleep over them. It is a good cha-

racter of a judge to be attentive, and to hear *ambabus auribus*, without interrupting the witnesses, or suffering the council to do it: And in his instructions to the jury, to explain the law, and not as is frequently done, be partial, and influence them to one side more than the other, by which means, false verdicts are sometimes given; for which, the jury ought to incur the penalty of fasting after they have delivered their opinions, rather than before it.

The curate, seeing every thing succeed to his own expectation, and the captain's desire, was unwilling to protract the judge's anguish, and the impatience of the whole company; so rising from the table, and going into the other apartment, he led out Zorayda, &c.) P. 210.—208.

Had this been in England, it might have proved a wedding; but the Spanish curates will not easily part with so beneficial a sacrament as matrimony to lay hucksters*.

* This passage is not easily understood, unless Mr. *Gayton* meant, that the clergy of England are less tenacious of their rights than those of Spain; if so, I believe it will be found he was mistaken; the clergy of England are as solicitous for pecuniary advantages, as any of their brethren in other nations. *Priests of all religions are the same.*

Marriage

Marriage and flesh (being quadragesimal prohibitions, and forbidden in time of Lent) *cum dispensatione, & licentiâ*, were very grateful accessaries to a slender vicarage. Double fees, eggs and alicant, with many a jovial entertainment, are more considerable than petty tithes, and make the curate blither than at an arch-deacon's visitation, where, besides the danger of information, he must pay for his dinner.

If the curate's learned contrivance succeeded, he might soon expect a change of his small living, for *uberius beneficium*, and admire himself in his long robes, broad hat, and divinity belt, the advanced creature of the times; nothing being a surer step to preferment, than the joining great persons together in matrimony, except the parting them again, by rendering it null and void.

Don Quixote undertook to guard the castle from the assaults of any giant, or wicked adventurer that might possibly covet the vast treasure of beauty which it contained.) P. 211.—210.

Watching was very proper physic for a madman, being the only means to tame frenzy, had it been confined to a close room; but this humour of parading round the inn-yard, made him wilder than before, because he was subject to the cold influences of the

moon, which was the predominant planet in his *pericranium*. Could he not remember what befel him on the firſt entrance of his adventures, when this *vertigo* of *noctivagation* and watching his arms ſeized him? How diſmal was that night's guardianſhip, in which he wanted diſcretion more than ſleep, when the carriers left him almoſt *ſtone* dead? Yet the hardy Knight would re-act this ſolitary encounter, with nothing over him, but the ſpangled canopy of heaven, and poor *Rozinante* under him, whoſe pains and tantalizations in this night's round, were more irkſome to the beaſt than all his other misfortunes.

CHAP. XVI.

Dear madam, ſaid ſhe, that ſinger is the ſon of an Arragonian gentleman, who is lord of two towns, and when at court, lives oppoſite to my father's houſe; and although our windows are covered with canvaſs in winter, and lattices in ſummer, I know not how this young gentleman, &c. &c.) P. 215.—213.

It is difficult to find out what are the firſt cauſes, or originals of love: That which firſt makes the impreſſion in the heart or fancy: Whether it be the eye, wit, or voice, that

that is the firſt mover? For, ſome love by the ear, and affect by ſtory——

Viſamque Cupit, potiturque Cupitâ.

Some (deceived in their augury) complain, like the maiden in the ſong, of the noſe; others of the eyes; *neſcio quis teneros oculus*, &c. for we frequently hear it ſaid, "*I would I had never ſeen his face. O that tongue, that beguiling, deluding tongue.*" In ſhort, as matter is inclined to receive forms, wax impreſſion, the air the light, ſo, naturally doth the feminine appetite require the male: But how the *ſolus hic inflexit ſenſus*. How one perſon more than any other, amongſt choice and variety, ſhould only wound and ſubdue affections, is ſtill the puzzling query? Some tell us the grand ſecret is governed by the ſtars; others, that it is the ſympathizing of the amatory atoms in two diſtinct perſons, which cauſes a conjunction; but the truth is, *hæremus ſicut ille ad refluxum maris*. The true cauſe of the ebbs and floods of our affections are not known to us, and therefore we find out falſe cauſes, and attribute to them what is not theirs, and here lies all the miſchief.

So far had the Knight proceeded in this piteous exclamation, when the inn-keeper's daughter whiſ-

whispered softly, "*Sir Knight, will your worship be pleased to come this way? Hearing this invitation, he lifted up his eyes, and by the light of the moon, which was then in full splendor, perceived them beckon to him from the straw hole.*) &c.) P. 219.—217.

Our Don was now at the *hole in the wall*, but it was one of the most unfortunate adventures that ever he undertook upon such presumptious hopes; and his miscarriage the more disgraceful and scandalous, as the trick was played him by two such infamous hussies as *Maritornes* and her young mistress. *Dux fæmina facti*. The knight supposed them to be the ladies of the castle, and was inchanted with his own fancies, which brought him into such a noose as never Knight-errant was in before; for he hung out against the wall, not in *effigy* (which would have been disgrace enough) but in *persona*, corporally exposed to the view of every one.

And scarce had he moved one step, when both his master's feet slipping from the saddle, he would have tumbled to the ground, had he not hung by his arm, which endured such torture in the shock, that he verily believed it was cut off by the wrist, or torn away by the shoulder.) P. 224.—222.

Rozi-

Rozinante's turning about to ſalute the ſtrange horſe, broke the inchantment, though it did not releaſe *Quixote* by breaking the rope: His dream of remaining manicled to the window, vaniſhed into a hideous ſwing to torture and miſery, equal to that of *Perillus* in the brazen bull which he gave to *Phalaris*. His outcries were all he had to truſt to, though if his lungs had failed him, the rope was not likely to do ſo. His noiſe waked the dogs, and next the maids, who, ſenſible of their cruelty, began to relent, and therefore let the rope looſe, ſo that he was once more a knight of this world; into which he was no ſooner dropped, but freſh adventures buried the remembrance of the old ones, and having remounted *Rozinante*, he defied all dangers; which were as ſure to ſeize him, as he was to provoke them, as will be ſeen in the next chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

"*If any person whatever, sayeth, that I have justly suffered enchantment, I here, with the permission of my lady princess of Micomicona, give him the lie, challenge, and defy him to single combat.*") P. 225.—223.

THIS was a bold provocation to four men: And it was *four* to *one*, but he had paid for his audacity. But, they were in pursuit of another Knight-errant, which made them regardless of our Don's extravagance. It is some mens security, that whatever they say is not accounted slander. Fools, madmen, and male-contents, are priviledged talkers, and are either pitied or laughed at. At this time, *Quixote* was under one of these circumstances, and therefore gave the lie boldly, which in Spain is the word of death. This was a great encounter, and therefore it is worthy notice, that of all his adventures he came safest off in this, not meeting with the least reply, or so much as having his words beat down his throat again.

Don Quixote seeing that none of the travellers took the least notice of him, or made any answer to his defiance, was transported with rage and vexation.) P. 226.—224.

To

Jo triumphed in this bloodless victory, which was concluded without an *Epithalamium*, or song of joy. On the contrary, his bon-fires were within, and his bells rung backwards. The Don was inflamed that he could show no spoils nor luggage for *Sancho*; not a wallet, nor so much as a pannel being to be seen, whereby, the monumental ensigns of so great a daring (for it could not well be called a defeat) should be published to the world. He was in high debate with himself, what to do with an enemy, who would not give battle, or take the least notice of being called to arms. What could he say to a silent foe? Language was unfit for mutes, and so was action to men of no spirit. Never was heroes so calm; so that the business of this challenge was intirely performed in dumb shew.

To this request the Knight replied, with great leisure and infinite phlegm, "Beautiful young lady, I cannot, at present, grant your petition, being restricted from intermeddling in any other adventure, until I shall have accomplished one, in which my honour is already engaged) P. 230. —228.

All that was required of him, was to stop two travellers, who, observing the hurry the house was in, were preparing to leave the inn

inn without paying their reckoning. Was it not ſtrange, that this adventure-ſeeker ſhould refuſe adventures, eſpecially as he was incited to it by a lady, in defence of her father, the conſtable of the caſtle? oppreſſed by two, and in a juſt cauſe, the maintenance of his caſtle. *O Jupiter Hoſpitalis!* was the Don's apo'ogy leſs that puſillanimity? Was not our *Hercules*, who juſt now aſſaulted *four*, able *contra duos?* What could be the cauſe? Does valour ebb and flow in valiant breaſts? Are they moſt daring at the ebullition of the blood, or at the circular refluxion? He was engaged, not in *actual* combat, but potential. His *word* was his *blow*, and therefore no enemy was to be admitted, till the giant of *Micomicon* was encountered.

When Maritornes and her miſtreſs aſked what hindered him from giving aſſiſtance to their maſter and huſband, "I am hindered, anſwered the Knight, by a law, which will not permit me to uſe my ſword againſt Plebeians; but, call hither my Squire Sancho, for to him it belongs, and is peculiar to engage in ſuch vengeance and defence.) P. 231.—228.

As the princeſs had granted him her permiſſion, he was once more *licentiatus ad preliandum et vapulandum per totam hiſpaniam*, therefore, what was the reaſon he did not engage in

in this adventure? Nothing more, than becauſe they were not Knights, and for this reaſon he intailed the buſineſs on his Squire, *pares cum paribus. O Quixote!* how might'ſt thou, by this *effugium*, have avoided all your misfortunes? The carriers, nor the goat-herds, were no Knights, nor were the wind-mill, and fulling-mill dubbed, and yet you condeſcended to engage them; and, therefore, why ſo ſcrupulous on this occaſion? To what purpoſe did you aſk for a licence to fight, unleſs you intended to make uſe of it? Though the author has not diſcovered the reaſon of this *micropſeachy*, it is eaſily underſtood; for the quarrel between the hoſt and the travellers, was concerning the non-payment of the reckoning, therefore the Don's conſcience would not let him interfere in the matter, as it would have been a breach of practiſe to have taken the hoſt's part; ſo he prudently ſtood neuter, and ſhifted it off to his friend *Sancho.*

This individual ſhaver, as he led his beaſt to the ſtable, perceived Sancho employed in mending ſomething that belonged to the pannel, and knowing him at firſt ſight, aſſaulted the Squire in a trice, crying "Ha! Don thief, I have caught you at laſt. Reſtore my baſon and pannel, with all the furniture you ſtole from me.") P. 233.—230.

It was hard for a man of *Sancho*'s conſequence and expectations to bear ſuch opprobrious language. However, though he was not able to confute him with words, he reſolved to overcome him with blows, and therefore ſhowed his valour, and made him waſh his mouth in blood for his foul aſperſions. *Sancho* hoped to have traverſed an indictment, with an action of battery; but, the barber being blooded in the mouth, was freed from the *ſlaggers*, and ſtood ſtoutly to the claim of his pannel, making a *bloody* hue and cry after him; ſo that *Sancho* was forced to appeal to the Don, who, finding his Squire had behaved valiantly, was more willing to make him a Knight, than an honeſt man.

Beſides, the very ſame day on which they took my pannel, they alſo robbed me of a new braſs baſon never hanſelled, that coſt me a good crown. Don Quixote hearing this, could contain himſelf no longer.) P. 234.—231.

Like maſter, like man. The barber charged both with a robbery, and now the court ſat; what could be ſaid in their defence? The caſe was clear to the jury. Here was *evidentia facti*, the very pannel and baſon *coram judice*. The barber *(pro rege)* ſwore they were his, and therefore the two culprits pleaded

pleaded not guilty, and made the beſt defence they could, which amounted to a condemnation.

CHAP. XVIII.

I ſay, under correction, and ſtill with ſubmiſſion to better judgement, that the object now in diſpute, which that worthy gentleman holds in his hand, is not only no barber's baſon, but alſo, as far from being one as black is from white, or falſehood from truth.) P. 236.—233.

HOW eaſily doth a brother rook a brother; I mean the crafty brother the weaker? It is eaſy to perſuade a credulous perſon, if he has an opinion of his brother's fidelity, out of his reaſon, and every thing that is right; and create a belief in him, that black is white, and white black: All his underſtanding being reſigned to *his* opinion and conceit of *his* confident, he ſees with *his* eyes, hears with *his* ears, and ſpeaks with *his* tongue; and what arguments cannot do, this captivated affection yields to, without ever ſuſpecting the leaſt fraud or deceit. *Aruſpex aruſpicem, dum videt ridet*, is true of theſe kind of men, who make ſport of their own roguries, and the folly of others. In the preſent caſe, the barber of the village was a younger brother, a

gull, drawn which way his ſenior of the profeſſion led him.

Fratrum quoque gratia rara eſt.

Every body laughed to ſee Don Fernando going about with great gravity, collecting opinions in whiſpers, that each might privately declare, &c.) P. 238.—235.

The votes were not *vivâ voce*, but in *aurem*: So, that the collector not being ſworn, it is probable the matter went juſt as his lordſhip pleaſed. In moſt popular aſſemblies, the buſineſs is generally carried on, like this of the pannel and the baſon, where the moſt potent and intereſted perſons whiſper their own votes to others, that matters may be carried according to their own wiſhes and intereſts: So that, the propoſition is not *placet*—Doth it ſeem good ſo?—but *placebit*—it ſhall be ſo.

*Get but a bawling council * for your man,*
Your cauſe ſhall proſper, do whate'er you can.

May I never taſte the joys of heaven! cried the tranſported barber, if you are not all deceived.) P. 238.—235.

---

* We have daily inſtances of the truth of this, in our courts of judicature.

This

This proteſtation was not received, though he deſired the forfeiture of heaven upon the failure of it. But, certainly, he would not have made ſuch an imprecation, if he believed there were any other *poles* than thoſe his baſons hung on; or, that, the teeth in his ſhop ſhould ever return again to the heads from whence he drew them. His proteſtation is plain in *Foro ſoli*, that he was cheated of his baſon, which never returned to his *Forum Poli:* Wherefore, he gave a *vale* to the law, as if the law had been in fault; but he ſhould have been angry with the ſuffragants, or, at leaſt, have hired them a dog and a bell, to lead them home, as their eyes were ſo bad they could not diſtinguiſh a baſon from a helmet, or a pannel from a ſaddle.

Nothing now remains, but that every one ſhould take his own again; and may St. Peter bleſs what God beſtows.) P. 238.—236.

The Don only meant, that every one ſhould take thoſe things which his friends had voted him, and ſo *omnia benè:* He was ſatisfied they were his own, though he knew he ſtole them. How pious, and above all, how careful he was, againſt any review of the verdict, deſiring *Peter's* bleſſing, though he knew he had robbed *Paul?* So cunningly, or rather prophanely, he attributed all his

ſucceſſes to heaven, though he went to the devil for the purchaſe. On the other ſide, the male-content barber went away diſſatisfied, crying out, "Might overcomes right." curſing the bribery and partiality of his friends at court: Both, indeed, calling upon *Peter*, the one for vengeance, the other for a benediction.

In the midſt of this labyrinth, chaos, and compoſition of miſchief, Don Quixote's imagination ſuggeſted, that he was all of a ſudden involved in the confuſion of Agramonte's camp.) P. 240.—237.

Facibus extinguis faces.

He holds the ſun to the candle, cries fire, fire, and fetches all the company, as with the ſound of a trumpet about him. Some new and heard of lie, preſently ſilenceth a known truth, as a romance a true ſtory: So, likewiſe, the news of a giant, the talk of taxes, the report of foreign wars, ſettles all our domeſtic differences, or at leaſt diverts us from thinking of them. The trick of amuſing is none of the worſt in the pack. *Quixote*'s policy was not to be ſlighted, who, to avoid the preſent confuſion of himſelf and his friends, proclaims the approach of a greater evil; which, while every one deſires

to

to hear, alarmed at the imaginary danger, the private conſtellation falls, and every one is provided againſt the affairs of the public.

But the enemy of concord and rival of peace, being thus foiled and diſappointed.) P. 242.—239.

Here the Don was terribly put to it, if the devil was his enemy, as we are told. And though his ill-favoured face was not eaſily intincted with a bluſh, whereby the officer might have diſcovered his guilt, yet the deſcription in the warrant agreeing with his lines and features, brought him within the compaſs of an Engliſh proverb. This embarraſſment of the warrant, was the worſt inchantment he ever met with: For the king and the holy brotherhood are too powerful for a Knight-errant.

Don Quixote ſmiled at hearing theſe epithets, and with much compoſure replied, "*Come hither, ye vile and baſe-born race! do you call it the province of an highwayman, to looſe the chains of the captive, and ſet the priſoner free; to ſuccour the miſerable, raiſe the fallen, and relieve the diſtreſſed?*") P. 243.—241.

It was high time for him to rave like a madman, in order to eſcape puniſhment. It was good policy to run mad, to be a Bedlamite,

mite, rather than a banditti; and above and below the laws, in order to evade coming under the lash. He declared their writ to be false; it was *error personæ*, not directed to attack a Knight-errant; or had it been so, it was *error Legis*, or *Judicis*, who knew not that *generalia non includunt privilegiatos*. Warrants for vagrants are not extendable to Knight-errants, who ever demand an *exeat Regno*; and have and hold by *de forresta Charta* of their own; do as they list, live as they list, pay what they list, say what they list, and are the only men of the list. By these and other demonstrations, the officer was satisfied of his frenzy, which was a *supersedas* to the writ, and a discharge for his fees.

CHAP. XIX.

The curate pacified the landlord, and Don Fernando paid the bill.) P. 246.—243.

ALL is paid! were glorious words to poor *Sancho*; not but this proved a jubilee day to his master, as well as himself; and was a very great adventure to both of them. Talk what they would of giants and castles, the reckoning was a thing equally dangerous, especially as *Rozinante* and *Dapple* were obliged to be perpetual bail for their *masters*, which, no doubt,

doubt, brought on many foot adventures to *Sancho*, ere he could cure the ſwelling of the beaſts heads: But now, *ſalva res eſt.* The golden age is returned; *Don Fernando* rained gold and ſilver together, and in ſpight of the poet,

Hoſpes ab Hoſpite Tutus.

They now defied the landlord, and his aſſiſtants the brotherhood; and what they drank in fear, is digeſted in joy.

Undè habeat quærat nemo, ſed oportet habere.

The poor muſt eat, and pray for their benefactors: But at this time, the beſt company was beſt cheap, and fortune threw the Knight and his Squire into the ſociety of lords and ladies, and not among carriers, who generally gave them ſour ſauce to their ſweet-meats.

"*The giant may get notice that I am coming to deſtroy him; and taking the opportunity of our delay, fortify himſelf in ſome impregnable caſtle, againſt which all my diligence, and the ſtrength of my indefatigable arm, will not avail, &c.*") P. 247.—244.

The affairs of this caſtle being diſcharged, the Don was eager for another adventure: He

He was too famous and well known, to hope for much ſucceſs in this part of the world, and therefore was for moving his quarters inſtantly to *Micomicon*, which being an *Ægyptian* country, he and his Squire might plunder *Ad infinitum*. *Diligence is the mother of ſucceſs*, was his motto, and a very neceſſary one, for a man of his profeſſion; which proverb was cloſely followed by him and his Suqire in all their actions. Quick and nimble motions, always proved beneficial to them: The baſon pannel, and portmanteau, were all the fruits of their activity, gained by ſurpriſal, and kept by retreats and retirings into the inacceſſible parts of *morena*. In juſt fights, he never loſt more than in ſallies; but the loſs of his ear, and cheek-tooth, being monuments of his ill ſucceſs in ſet battles; he wiſely perſuaded the queen to let him attack the giant in his quarters, before he ſhould be prepared to make a proper reſiſtance.

Dorothea's face was overſpread with a bluſh, at theſe words of Sancho; for ſooth to ſay, her huſband Don Fernando had ſeveral times, as he thought, unperceived, made free with her lips, as earneſt of that reward his affection deſerved.) P. 249.—246.

What an infidel was *Sancho!* Who, though a ſworn ſervant to the queen, betrayed her, and

and revealed her ſecrets; and all becauſe ſhe ſuffered the young lord to ſalute her, and him her huſband too. He was a rude rogue, and very unfit to be admitted among perſons of high rank, not being able to keep a cloſe tongue in his head: Had it been worſe, he would have out with it. The innocent lady bluſhed becauſe ſhe was diſcovered playing the part of an affectionate wife, though juſtifiable and praiſe worthy; it being thought a bad cuſtom, by thoſe, who pretend to be refined; though I beleive it will be found that ſuch delicate mortals have no refinement: And if a man behaves tenderly to his wife in public, or ſhews any marks of affection, he is ſtyled an inſipid mortal, a dupe, an amorous, uxorious fellow. Thus, from a falſe idea of delicacy, we deceive ourſelves, and ceaſe to have any delicacy at all.

And indeed I firmly believe, that every thing in this caſtle, as you Sir Knight have obſerved, being conducted by means of enchantment.) P. 250.—247.

Argumentum ad hominem.

When *Maritornes* and his errant-ſhip were embracing, till the diſappointed carrier parted them, they were doubtleſs enchanted. So *Sancho*, likewiſe, was doubtleſs under the influence

influence of a charm when the aforesaid *Maritornes* crept to his bed, hoping to have raised a *Novum organum* from the conjunction. Nothing is more frequent, than these sort of enchantments, which being sometimes taken for real matters, make strange disturbances. Spies, often see too little, and sometimes too much: It is better, therefore, for them to be uncertain as to what they see, unless they can prove what they see. *Sancho*'s late discovery was of that nature, that it would have been better for him not to have seen it, as he was obliged to renounce every thing he saw and said, and acknowledge himself only *compos mentis* in the adventure of the blanket.

Having brought the cage into his appartment, they enclosed him in it.) P. 253.—249.

This was the last inchantment of the castle, and though it was a wooden one, it answered their purpose as well as the *Trojan* horse. By means of this, they entered the *Mancha*, and brought home the long-looked-for lord of the place, to his ancient seat. This conveyance could not be accounted dishonourable, it being the legal house of entertainment for all Knight-errants; who, being vagrants, are provided with such receptacles for a night or two, at the public charge.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

Don Quixote ſeeing himſelf thus encaged, and placed upon a cart, could not help ſaying, "many very grave hiſtories have I read, concerning Knight-errants, but never did I read, ſee, or hear, that enchanted Knights were tranſported in this manner.) P. 255.—252.

BUT that fortune deſigned to make our meritorious Knight as famous for his ſufferings as for his renowned actions, this wooden entertainment would have been diſhonourable. His happy diſpoſition reconciled the matter, when he reflected that the times were turned topſy-turvy; that all gallantry, except what remained in his breaſt, was extinct and vaniſhed: That wiſe men, magicians, and ſuch as cheriſhed great undertakings, being all gone and forgotten; courts, palaces, ſeats, and ſtages (where actions of this nature were celebrated) were demoliſhed, and turned into humble tenements; and things in general, reduced to ſuch a low condition, that the *Laplanders* let winds upon credit, fortune-tellers expounded for a morſel of bread, almanack-makers obliged to live upon their own predictions, and witches confined in their night rambles

to egg-ſhells; hell affording nothing but an *Ignis Fatuus:* Theſe levelling times not having left ſo much as a flying-horſe, dragon, or fiery chariot.

Upon which he ſaid to them, "Weep not, worthy ladies; all theſe diſaſters are incident to thoſe who chooſe my profeſſion.") P. 257—254.

This was an unneceſſary prohibition, for they only pretended to weep; not but they ſhed many tears of laughter: And, to ſay the truth, two of theſe mourners, when the Don roared and made an out-cry, were at laugh and lye down, and conſequently ſported with his miſeries. *Ploratur lachrymis amiſſa pecunia veris.* Had the Knight made an eſcape, and avoided the ſcore, they then might have howled like an Iriſh wolf; but ſecure of the reckoning, the departure of ſuch a gueſt, rather raiſed tears of joy than ſorrow.

Truly, brother, I am better acquainted with books of chivalry, than with the ſummaries of Villalpando.) P. 261.—257.

This *canon* of *Toledo*, was a true *Toledo* blade, and rather a canon of the field than the church: And, doubtleſs, was preferred for writing or reading *romances*, inſtead of

poſtils

poſtils. He was not a meer pedantic ſcholar, or ever ſo bookiſh as to break his reſt, or diſturb his brains with intenſe ſtudy. Books of entertainment, pleaſed him better than ſchool divinity; and having attained his deſires by this means, he paid little regard to *Villalpando.* He leaped over *logic*, and as to metaphyſics he never touched them; however, fortune made him a preacher, though he was no ſcholar, not but he perfectly underſtood thoſe books he was converſant with, and was a great proficient, having proceeded from *Garagantua* to *Guzman*, and here, to crown all, ended with *Quixote.*

Mr. Barber, you had better think before you ſpeak: There is ſomething elſe to do than ſhaving of beards.) P. 263.—260.

Sancho began to be undeceived, and ſuſpect the impoſture of the pretended inchantment: Nothing is more violent than abuſed ſimplicity, when once it diſcovers the cheat. The Squire ſaw through all their roguery, notwithſtanding their maſks. Time plucks off all diſguiſes, and renders things in their own likeneſs. He was alſo very preſſing with the curate, who had a principle hand in this buſineſs, and by whoſe authority the whole deſign was brought about; but he leaves it to his conſcience, which he hopes will perplex

him one day or other, as much as his delusions had confounded him and his master; and as for the confederate barber, who was the forge of the inchantment, he wished the next generation might be eunucks, that there might not be a beard for him to shave, as long as the world stood: And so unkindly did he take these affronts, that in spite of the curate's clerical authority, he was resolved to spay his sows at his return, that he never more might have his title in kind.

Truly, Mr. Curate, I am firmly persuaded that those books of chivalry are very prejudicial in the commonwealth.) P. 264.—260.

The canon, in this discourse, seemed to weaken the credit of these kind of writings, and preferred those which blend instruction with entertainment. But, what prejudice could they do a commonwealth, when the subjects were known to be fabulous? No man is misled, nor any persuaded to believe them as truth: Therefore, they may be considered as a benefit, for when the minds of the vulgar are not employed in some such amusements, they fall upon matters they do not understand, and that less concern them, and by this means become troublesome members to church and state; for this reason, it has been accounted good policy to divert such

ſuch, by licenſing theatres and other places of recreation, in order to prevent their interfereing in things above their capacity, and not of common ventilation. For want of theſe chimeras, ſtrong deluſions have ſucceeded, and poſſeſſed not a few, who, tranſported with their own imaginations, do not write romances, but act them, and fill the world with real tragedies.

CHAP. XXI.

And if the authors who compoſe, and the actors who repreſent them, affirm, that this, and no other method is to be practiſed, becauſe the multitude muſt be pleaſed, &c.) P. 269.—265.

IT was an old ſaying before the time of *Cervantes*,

Populo ut placerent, quas feciſſet fabulas.

Nay, in the amphitheatrical gladiatures, the lives of the captives, lay at the mercy of the vulgar.

——— et verſo pollice vulgi,
Quemlibet occidunt popalariter.

And although the only laureat of our ſtage (having compoſed an excellent play, but

not of equal applauſe) fell on his knees, and gave thanks, that he had tranſcended the capacity of the vulgar; yet, his proteſtation againſt their ignorance, was not ſufficient to vindicate the miſapplication of the argument, for the judicious part of the auditory condemned it equally, with thoſe who did not underſtand it: Not that the comedy wanted its *prodeſſe, et delectare*, had it been exhibited to a ſcholaſtic confluence. But we do not go to ſtudy at a play-houſe, but to ſee what eaſily inſinuates itſelf into our capacities. *Lingua*, that learned comedy of the contention betwixt the five ſenſes for the ſuperiority, is not to be proſtituted to the vulgar, being only fit for an academy.

*Comedy, according to Tully, ought to be the mirrour of life, the exemplar of manners, and picture of truth; whereas thoſe that are repreſented in this age, are mirrours of abſurdity, exemplars of folly, and pictures of lewdneſs.**) P. 270.—266.

The Spaniſh ſtage, as well as the *French* and *Engliſh*, was greatly corrupted; partly through

* Congreve, Vanburgh, and ſome other of our Engliſh dramatic poets, are liable to part of the curate's cenſure in the text: Nor is Shakeſpeare wholly

through the effeminacy of the times, but chiefly by unskilful authors: The *Spanish* scene, is principally fictions upon heretics, and as they rendered them horrid, odious, and inhuman to the people, so they were never introduced without a hell, furies, and strange torments provided for them. But it once happened, at a representation of one of these plays, before some strangers not Catholics, that the judicatory of cardinals, friars, and Jesuits, who were to condemn the heretics, being very burdensome, broke the judgment seat, and all fell into hell before they had arraigned the

---

wholly free. A great author will not consult so much what will please, as what ought to please. But one great bar to the success of dramatic poetry, has arisen from our theatres being generally managed by ignorant, unskilful persons, who have been more pleased with extravagant absurdities, than real excellencies.

The English stage, however, since the time of our author, has been greatly improved, in every essential excellence: And to the honour of the present times, is purged of its immortality. For many of these improvments, even envy must acknowledge, we are beholding to the judgement and good conduct of Mr. *David Garrick*: Nor is it easy to determine, whether we owe most to him as an actor, or a manager.

schis-

ſchiſmatics; which cauſed ſuch a laughter among thoſe of a contrary opinion, that their mirth had almoſt condemned them to the inquiſition. The *French*, till lately, were ſo looſe and obſcene, that *Aretine*'s pictures might have been repreſented without giving offence. Nor are the incongruities and abſurdities of our own ſtage leſs excuſable; being uſed to hiſtorical arguments, which could not be diſpatched but by a chorus, or the deſcending of ſome god, or magician: Every act being ſupported by ſome long narrative, which made apology for every thing that was improper or unnatural.

Now, all thoſe inconveniencies, with many more that I do not chooſe to mention, might be prevented, if there was at court ſome perſon of taſte and learning, appointed to examine every dramatic performance before its appearance on the ſtage.) P. 273.—269.

An *Inigo Jones* for ſcenes; a *Shakeſpeare* and a *Johnſon* for plays, produced great improvements on the ſtage. The pieces theſe great poets wrote, had language, dependency of parts, poſſibility of plot, &c. and were not to be equalled: Nor were they aſhamed to permit their being printed, ſince which they are read with as much ſatisfaction, as they gave in the repreſentation.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

" *Is it possible, good Sir, that the idle and unlucky reading of books of chivalry can have so far impared your judgment, as that you should now believe yourself enchanted, and give credit to other illusions of the same kind, which are as far from being true, as truth is distant from falsehood?*) P. 280.—277.

IT was not the fate of *Don Quixote* alone, to pin his belief on the credit and authority of other men: And he might have asked the *canon*, upon what grounds or proofs he justified the numerous legends of saints in his church, and the wonders done by them? or how he was certain they ever existed? There not being any authentic account of the witnesses to the strange things they performed.* He flew to an implicit faith in the church, and would not suffer his auditors and converts to question the truth of what he believed, or pretended to believe. The Don desired fair play, that the authors of his books might be believed to be the authors of what they wrote,

* Our author means to ridicule the absurdities in the Romish church, and might have enlarged with great success and truth.

as well as the *canon*'s; for he could not be perſuaded, that Knight-errants of fame and antiquity would ſpend ſo much time and ſtudy in compoſing lies, and putting cheats on their readers. The canon was impowered to palliate his obtruſions upon his diſciples, with a *Piæ fraudes*, or *Apocryphæ fabulæ*, which, though they are not fundamental truths, yet they were ſignificant helps to the end he aimed at.

Will any earthly eloquence make a man believe that a ſtory of the infanta Floripes, and Guy of Burgundy, is falſe; or that of Fierabras, with the bridge of Mantible, which happened in the time of Charlemagne, and I vow to God! is as true as that the ſun ſhines at noon-day? &c.) P. 283.—279.

No doubt, as true as that of *Guy* of *Warwick* and the boar, or the great defeats of the giant *Colybrand*. So likewiſe, if we were diſpoſed to be fooliſhly credulous, might we believe many improbable and falſe ſtories. The ſign of *St. George*, in almoſt every town in *England*, convinces us of the certainty of ſuch a perſon, and his famous acts; for ſince the defeat of the dragon, which was ſlain, being then pregnant, none of her iſſue, nor ſo much as any of her ſpecies, have been ſeen or heard of in this country. In like manner, there are no *ſpiders* in *Ireland*, ſince

St.

St. *Patrick* caught one upon his face, and anathematized them all into *England*. Nor are the works of *Jaques* of *Spain* leſs credited, who, by his holy life and prayer, effected, that the univerſal monarchy ſhould, in time, come to be ſettled in the *Auſtrian* family, about the period when the *Indians* ſhould be converted to their religion; a portuberancy of the lip being the certain ſign of the true heir to the crown: That oranges, lemons, and *Malaga* raiſins, ſhould breed as good blood as beef, mutton, and veal: And laſtly, that the Knight-errants of *Iberia*, ſhould be fortified to live without meat for many days. Whoſoever, therefore, ſhall attempt to overthrow the veracity of thoſe books of errantry, will find it an endleſs labour, they having ſo many champions to defend them: The world ſwarms with men of this profeſſion, who, under the notion of relieving the oppreſſed, advance themſelves to the pinnacle of fame and honour. Pity it is, that chronologers have taken no notice of them, as from this defect, it is uncertain, in what age thoſe heroic ſpirits flouriſhed. All other hiſtories would be of little value, if ſome good antiquary would make it his buſineſs to derive the hiſtory of theſe gallant men from the Knights of the *Golden Fleece*, to the Knights of the *Rueful-Countenance*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

For my own part, I can ſafely aver, that ſince I profeſſed the order of Knight-errantry, I have been valiant, courteous, liberal, well-bred, generous, civil, daring, good-humoured, and a patient endurer of toils, captivities, and inchantment.) P. 289.—286.

THIS proof, *teſte ſeipſo*, was backed with no other authority than his own, and it was well known, notwithſtanding his boaſting, that he durſt not venture to do any great thing. But he might, with propriety, take ſome of theſe attributes and qualifications to himſelf, being valiant, *ferendo*; which *paſſive* fortitude is moſt errantick; liberal, *promittendo*; courteous, *recepiendo*, denying nothing that was given him; generous, but not *generoſus*, and that, in *genere*, not in *ſpecie*; civil, ſince his confinement in the cage; patient (perforce as we may ſay) under impriſonment and inchantment, *revera*, and *plerunque*; and as *Julius Cæſar* of old, obtained *Gallia*, *dando*, *accipiendo*, *ignoſcendo*, ſo *Don Quixote*, by giving nothing, forgiving any thing, and taking every thing, in time might have made *Sancho Panza* earl of *Terra Icognita*.

I wiſh to God I had this earldom, as ſoon as I ſhould find underſtanding to manage it; for I have

as

as big a ſoul as my neighbours, and as much body as he that has more, &c.) P. 290.—287.

Whenever he obtained the government of an iſland by his maſter's valour, he would have been able to manage it. His frame of body was well ſuited for ſitting and ſleeping in judicature; and that mind, that was able to inform that body, would take informations at leiſure. The power and reward was all *Sancho* looked for; the abilities and execution he left to others. The place was to qualify the man, and not the man to be qualified for the place: Appearances generally deceive us, and therefore it is difficult to judge by them. *Æſop* was deformed in perſon (as ſome ſay) but very ſenſible and witty; and we ſeldom meet with a perſon with any natural defect, but what is amply recompenſed by ſome extraordinary inward faculty. *Galba* was very bald on his head, but it was well lined within. *Cicero* had a wen on his noſe, yet he ſmelt out *Cataline*'s conſpiracy. *Cæſar* had none, and could not diſcover that againſt himſelf. *Vitellius* was robuſt and corpulent, but graced the chair of ſtate much better than ſpruce *Otho*. So every one that beheld *Sancho*'s graceful perſon, would doubtleſs have confeſſed, that there was enough of him for a governor of the largeſt iſland in the world.

While her keeper ſeizing her by the horns, accoſted her in theſe words, as if ſhe had been poſſeſſed of ſenſe and underſtanding: "Ah! you ſpotted wanton, what a rambler you have become of late; the wolves will feaſt upon you one day.—What is the matter with you, my pretty child? Yet what elſe can it be, but that you are a female, and conſequently inconſtant! a plague upon your diſpoſition, and all thoſe you reſemble.") P. 291. 288.

It is ſurpriſing, that the Don did not imagine the ſpotted goat to be an inchanted lady; and, that from what he heard her keeper ſay, he was not incited to reſcue her. He aſſaulted the flock of ſheep upon leſs provocation. Could the defender of the ſex ſtand unmoved at all this? Of all the adventures he met with, this was the moſt promiſing; therefore, he ſhould have ſaid to her, "Inchanted lady (for by this miſcreant's words, I gueſs you to be ſuch) unfold the cauſe of your change and flight. I am not ignorant of the like mutation in your ſex. I but very lately was inchanted, and I know not how ſoon I may return to that condition; therefore, ſpeak quickly, while my knightly capacity laſts, that I may reſtore you to your original greatneſs. This ſhall be inſtantaneouſly effected, if I may have but one word from you, ſignifying

ing your desire of being relieved by the valour of my arm". How this fancy escaped him, is miraculous; unless his wooden study had confused his ideas, and blunted the edge of his aspiring soul.

CHAP. XXIV.

THIS chapter, in the history, contains the story which the goat-herd related to the conductors of *Don Quixote:* See page 294, in *Smollett*, or 291, in *Jarvis.*——*Mr. Gayton* made no remarks on it, but translated it into miserable verse, which the Editor thought proper to omit, as he has done the stories of *Cardenio*, *Dorothea*, &c. &c.

CHAP. XXV.

He that shewed himself most liberal in compliment, was Don Quixote, who said to him,"truly, brother goatherd, were it possible for me to undertake any new adventure, I would forthwith set forward in your behalf, and deliver Leandra from that monastery.) P. 301.—297.

HE was under inchantment, or he would have sallied forth on this adventure; for there is no time but in cases of this nature,

when a Knight-errant is not offenſive and defenſive: That is, either beating, or being beaten. But it was too much at once, to be at war with men and devils. Necromancers, ſorcerers, witches, wizards, and the like, being of the train-band of hell, were no ſmall enemies to *Don Quixote*. No man of that valiant, honourable, and deſperate profeſſion, was ever oftner or longer under the captivity of their diabolical forces: Yet, ſome wiſer than others, will laugh the opinion out of countenance, and maintain that there are no witches nor witchcrafts, inchanters, nor inchantments, ſpirits nor familiars; againſt the received ſentences of tribunals, and the confeſſions of divers condemned perſons.*

---

* Our author was, undoubtedly, a man of too much ſenſe to believe the reality of witchcraft, and therefore, could not be ſerious in this laſt paſſage, but meant it as ridicule. Though in the time of his writing, there were but few, who doubted the reality of witchcraft and inchantment; but now, we have an act of parliament againſt them; which ought to be as great an argument for diſbelieving, as it is for ſupporting the credit of ſome other tales, equally as abſurd and prepoſterous.

And

And laying hold of his collar with both his hands, would certainly have ſtrangled him, if Sancho Panza had not, at that inſtant, ſprung to his maſter's aſſiſtance, and pulling his antagoniſt backwards, tumbled him over the table, where plates, cups, victuals, wine, and all went to wreck.) P. 302.—298.

Sancho would have proved a ſecond *Fluellin* in this ſcuffle, the pillage of ſuch battles being his property, if the eminent danger of his maſter's throat had not proved an utter enemy to his own: If the goatherd had not almoſt throtled his maſter, *Sancho*, in a ſhort time, would have choaked himſelf with the ingurgitated reliques of the canon's proviſion. This was a *Lapithœan* feaſt, where there was more meat than manners, and very unlike the entertainment of *Tantalus*, for inſtead of flying from their lips, it flew at them in ſuch quantities, that there was more meat for their mouths, than mouths for their meat: *Non offendimur ambulante cænâ*, is underſtood when one diſh dances round the table; but this was a running banquet, as if it had been ſerved up in plates of quickſilver.

They heard a trumpet.) P. 302.—298.

That which at other times animates to battle, here diſſolved the fray: The noble

ſound of that warlike inſtrument, recalled ſhame into the combatants, who, full of fleſh wounds, croſſed the cudgels the right way, and fell to picking quarrels with their teeth, their bellies having been the ſufferers during this encounter, and were not to be eaſily ſatisfied after ſo great a ſpoil. The Don, according to cuſtom, imagined the trumpet called for his aſſiſtance, and that the princeſs *Micomicona* was in diſtreſs from the inſults and invaſions of the giant *Pandaſilando*, and, therefore, had ſent this ſummons for the reſtorer of her kingdom: Or elſe, that it was the trumpet of fame, to blow him honourably home after his many glorious victories. A trumpet it undoubtedly was, which blew no good to the Knight, for it proved the laſt trumpet to his day of judgment, as will be ſeen by the ſequel.

He was even deaf to the cries of Sancho, who bauled with great vociferation, "Where are you going Signor Don Quixote? What devil poſſeſſes and provokes you to act againſt our Catholic faith!) P. 304.—301.

Contra Romanam Catholicam *fidem*, he ſhould have ſaid; for he and his maſter were *Lutherians* by their ſtomachs. *Sancho* laboured in vain; the whole council of *Trent* could not

not have perſuaded the Don from the attempt, being at that inſtant fiercer than the council of *Dort*, fearing no *anathemas*, *bulls*, nor *bears*. Had this action been in later times, he might have been dubbed a Knight of the reformation, and from the ſucceſs of this adventure, as great a harveſt of converſion might have been expected, as was from the fall of *Mahomet*'s tomb among the Jews and Infidels; which tomb has ſtood on the ground at *Mecca*, ever-ſince the imbalming of that impoſtor; notwithſtanding it is a piece of *Alcoran* faith, that he hangs in the air in an iron cheſt, ſupported by the equal attraction of two loadſtones.

He drew his ſword, and without uttering another word, attacked the bearers; one of whom, leaving his ſhare of the load to his companions, oppoſed himſelf to this aggreſſor, brandiſhing a fork or pole, on which (when they were wearied) they ſupported the bier, &c.) P. 305.—302.

This fellow ſtood not for an image, but was a true Catholic, and proved his faith by his works; being reſolved to try which was the greater pageant, that which they carried, or the Don ſupported by *Rozinante*. In this unfortunate adventure, *pitchfork* prevailed againſt ſword, and *porter* againſt Knight-errant. The Don, by one unhappy blow, was

was deprived of the uſe of his ſhoulder; a judgment (no doubt *in ſpecie)* puniſhing that part which firſt lifted itſelf againſt the idol. *Nec enim lex juſtior illa eſt. &c.*

The cries and groans of Sancho revived his maſter.) P. 307.—304.

It would have been a queſtion worthy *Sancho*, whether in this deliquium, his ſoul was tranſported? As alſo, what more eminent place was prepared for Knight-errants, than any other order? Whether he did not ſee many heroes, whoſe hiſtories incited him to this profeſſion, advanced according to the merits of their undertakings in the other world? What habits *Amadis de Gaul*, and *Amadis of Greece* wore? Or, whether there were any inveſtitures at all, till the complete number of Knights were accompliſhed by his departure, to preſide over them as king or emperor? But *Sancho* was too overjoyed at his recovery, to think of theſe things. The Don, Knight-errant like, attributed thoſe miſventures and ſufferings, to the abſcence and long diſtance betwixt his lady *Dulcinea* and himſelf, and, therefore, as an antidote in *futuro*, was willing to be conveyed nearer to her, as faſt as the cart would carry him: For, as all recoveries and victories are imputed to the ſovereign aſpects of their ladies, ſo their defeats and

and croſſes are attributed to their averſions, or ſome obnoxious interpoſition.

" *You are right, Sancho,*" *replied Don Quixote,* " *and it will be very prudent in us to let the malign influence of the ſtars paſs over.*) P. 307.—304.

They were not obliged to fight and conquer againſt the influence of the ſtars; for if once a Knight-errant (like *Ben. Johnſon*'s braggadocio *) is *planet-ſtruck*, he never returns a blow; it is wiſdom then, not valour, muſt manage the buſineſs. *Sapiens dominabitur aſtris.* And certainly if ever Knights were born under malignant planets, *Quixote* was. *Venus* was croſs-legged; *Mars*, retrograde; *Sol*, in *nubibus*; *Jupiter*, excentric; *Saturn*, ſullen; *Luna* and *Mercury* only conſpiring to aſſiſt him home again: She, becauſe he was her companion in the night; the other, for his unwearied errantry in the day; inſomuch, that if ever the number ſhould be augmented, he is in election to make the eighth planet. What influence the *Septentriones* had upon him at this time, is eaſily imagined, as he was now upon the ſecond hoiſt into the cart: And if he had not been provided, there was an *Auriga* for him.

---

* Captain *Bobadil*, in the Comedy of EVERY MAN in his HUMOUR.

The

The waggoner yoking his oxen, accommodated the Knight with a truſs of hay, and with his uſual phlegm jogged on according to the prieſt's directions, till at the end of ſix days, they arrived at their own village.) P. 307—304.

Rozinate envied his maſter's cuſhion, and wiſhed to have changed places with him. This was the ſad concluſive adventure of this famous Knight; who, indeed, deſerved a better *Sella Curulis*; but his knowledge in the miſcarriages of his predeceſſors, made him ſlight theſe indignities; and when he conſidered *Marius* in the lake, *Orlando* in bedlam, *Amadis de Gaul* in a dungeon, he of *Greece* in ſhackles, the valiant *Gateor* forced to run the gauntlet, the Knight of the *Burning Peſtle* in *Cornelius*' tub, and moſt of their Squires like poor *Sancho*, at the cart's tail, he played with the hay he ſat upon (the emblem of human frailty) ſaying, as if he ate it chopped, nothing more than, *Non ſum majoribus impar.* Which ſome thought he ſpoke in illuſion to *Bajazet*, who was carried about in this manner by *Tamerlane:* Others imagined he called to mind, his *Manchegan* anceſtors, who were peaſants and plowmen, and not diſdaining the contemplation of his original, reſolved to begin that world again, and invert the poem to *Virgil*'s *Æneids.*

Ille

Ille ego qui quondam Mavortis, *terror in armis,*
Ad patriam redeo, ut parerent arva Colono.

which, though not literally, anſwers our purpoſe to tranſlate, as follows:

Since my deſign for errantry is broke,
I'll ſtill ſubdue, tho' oxen under yoke;
Nor ſhall this cage my vaſt ambition bound,
I'll fall to plow, and ſo I'll tear the ground.

Sancho Panza's wife, who had good intimation that he was gone with Don Quixote in quality of his Squire, hearing of his return, ran ſtrait to her huſband, and the firſt queſtion ſhe aſked was, whether or not the aſs was in good health?) P. 308—305.

The queſtion ſerving for aſs, man, or maſter; *Sancho* replied to its double ſenſe, and ſaid, "The animal was in the better condition of the two." Poor *Sancho*'s ears were fallen, for this diſhonourable return croſſed all his hopes, and made him aſhamed to ſee his wife, as he well might, who expecting to be a queen at leaſt, was obliged to remain *Joan Panza* ſtill: However, ſhe thought, as it was no better, it was well it was no worſe, and that he brought himſelf and the aſs home again.

But with regard to his death and burial, he could obtain no information; and muſt have remained entirely ignorant of that event, had he not luckily

luckily met with an old physician, who had in his custody a leaden box, &c.) P. 310.—307.

Who this old physician could be, is hard to conjecture, being a great antiquary, as appears by his delight in these monuments and reliques of *Don Quixote*, unless it was *Dellues*, of whom the following story is said to be authentic.

Dellues was so famous throughout the kingdom of *Spain* for his great skill in physic, that just before the time of his decease, he was requested by a friend, not to bury with him the means whereby he became so eminent. To this he answered, "That the fame with which he lived was great, but as to his critical knowledge, it might easily be transmitted to another;" and then disclosed the secret. He had a *Fortune-Physic Book*, which contained the names of most disorders, with their cures: As patients came to him for advice, he withdrew for a time, and in that interval, threw the dice on the list of the diseases, and wherever the chance fell, that was the patient's disorder: He then threw again on the list of remedies, and where the dice rested was the cure. This was his method, which he followed to his end, and it was the *end* of many: But the number of cures surmounting his miscarriages, his bad casts went for nothing. His method of practice being short and easy, he had the more leisure to consult these old records,

records, amongſt which, he at laſt found thoſe of the *Mancha*; out of which he gathered a few elegies and epitaphs upon *Don Quixote*, *Dulcinea*, *Rozinante*, and *Sancho Panza*.

Here end *Mr. Gayton*'s notes: And it is much to be regreted, he did not continue them through the ſecond part of this celebrated romance, as it was not only publiſhed, but tranſlated into Engliſh long before the date of this book. Should theſe meet with a favourable reception, the Editor propoſes publiſhing a volume of *original* notes on the continuation, which will complete the work.

The hiſtory of *Don Quixote*, in point of ingenuity and invention, is equal to any thing the mind of man ever produced. *Cervantes* was an exalted genius, and has ſhewed himſelf a man of knowledge, judgment, and fine taſte, poſſeſſed with abundance of wit and humour; which talents rendered him a great writer, both in proſe and verſe: and the delicacy of his manners, is as apparent as that of his writing, of which he has here given numberleſs inſtances. He judged right, in making his hero return to his ſound mind before his death, as alſo in giving an account of his death; for the ſame reaſon which *Mr. Addiſon* gave for killing his *Sir Roger*; for fear any one elſe ſhould murder him. The faults in this inimitable romance, are neither numerous nor

 important:

important: But there ſeems to be neither humour nor ingenious deſign in his mentioning the ſage *Cid Hamet Benengeli*, as the author of *Don Quixote*, and there is too much mention made of him.

Cervantes has been accuſed, of taking too great liberty in quoting the goſpel lightly, in many places, but particularly, where he makes *Don Quixote* declaim in praiſe of arms *; and alſo to have meant to ridicule the Chriſtian religion. This ſeems to be a falſe and malicious ſuggeſtion; ſince he was known to be a perſon of ſtrict morals and exemplary piety. He, doubtleſs, frequently intended to expoſe the folly of ſuperſtition, and madneſs of enthuſiaſm: but ſeems a friend to true religion, by his enmity to the roguery of Romiſh prieſtcraft, in its impoſitions on the minds of men, by making ridiculous ceremonies, and unneceſſary penances, articles of faith. That the profane madneſs of wild enthuſiaſm might afford him ſome hints, for many of the extravagant actions of *Don Quixote*; or, that by an account of ſuch romantic actions, he meant to ridicule the abſurdity of enthuſiaſtic folly and bigotry, is very probable: This was laudable, and ought to have raiſed him ſuperior to calumny and detraction; but envy is the

* Vol. II.

conſtant

conſtant attendant, and frequently the only reward of exalted genius. A few inſtances, will ſuffice to prove what is ſaid above.

Let the attentive reader conſider the paſſage where *Don Quixote* demanded a confeſſion from the merchants, * that *Dulcinea* was the moſt beautiful damſel in the whole world, and judge whether a ſimilar conduct is not practiſed by Knights-errant, in religion? And really *Cervantes* here ſeems to ridicule the preſumption and tyranny of the Romiſh church. And on the ſcrutiny into his library, † there are many inſtances of ridicule on ſuperſtition and credulity. The extravagant penance which *Don Quixote* impoſes on himſelf on the brown mountain ‡ in imitation of *Beltenebros*, is plainly a ſatirical ſtroke on religious penances. There are many who are enthuſiaſts and madmen in religion, who like *Don Quixote*, talk very well on other ſubjects. When he talks on any ſubject but Knight-errantry, he ſpeaks like a polite, ſenſible, judicious man; which is the caſe with many who never ſurmounted the prejudices of a ſuperſtitious education.

---

* Chap. IV. Book I. Vol. I. † Chap. VI. Book I. Vol. I. ‡ Chap. XI. Book III. Vol. I.

INDEX.

A.

ACHILLES, troubled with the thought of his undipped heel, P. 194. Whence ſplay-footed, *ibid.*
Acroſtics, ridiculed 41
Actions, not to be concealed from the world 181
Affections, the firſt cauſes of them not known to us 211
Alchymiſt (of *Ben. Johnſon*) why compared to the *Don Quixote* of *Cervantes* 4
Alexander, diſturbed in his ſleep after he had killed his friend 194
Almanacks, their influence with vulgar minds 82
Amadis (*de Gaul*) not the firſt Knight-errant 37
Ancient (writers) equalled by the moderns 39
Annals (of the *Mancha*) a ſight of them difficult to be procured, 10. How obtained, *ibid.*
Anſwer, an inſolent one, to King James 8
Antæus, *Don Quixote* compared to him 31
Antiquity, our paſſion for it, leads us to pay it a greater eſteem than it deſerves 64
Apollo, why a Deity-errant, 200. Why his brows are crowned with laurel, *ibid.*
Apothecary, his method of extracting ſwallowed needles 70

Appearances, generally deceive us 241
Aratus, his character of the *Cretians* 38
Arcadians, the first pipers we read of, 83
Their character *ibid.*
Aretine, his pictures obscene 236
Arguments, in defence of drinking, 134. Of eating 135
Armour, in ancient mansion houses, its use and effects 2
Arms, a discourse in praise of them 203
Asses, respectable creatures in days of yore, 49. In no esteem since the increase of human ones, *ibid.*
Atlas, his strength 108

B.

BACCHANALIANS, their defence 134
Balsam Fierabas, what ceremonies to be observed in making it 118
Bamba, who 159
Barbers, under the influence of *Mercury*, 140. Their tongues as fluent as their fingers, 141. Their shops magazines of news, *ibid.*
Bastard (a lord's) his impudence 143
Beards, what good, what bad 146
Bear and fiddle, their use 181
Beauty, does not always inspire love 173
Beer, the origin of its being tilted 25
Belbosite, a hostess of that place, affronted by the blunder of an actor 196
Benjamin (father) who 34
Birth, the place of *Homer's*, still a challenge upon record 1

Boxer,

Boxer, his method for a maintenance 132
Boy (an apothecary's) his roguery 120
Brutes, reap many advantages from not having the gift of ſpeech 150
Butcher, fights for *Hector* 4

C.

CACUS, the ſon of *Vulcan*, ſtole cattle 15
Cain, a Knight-errant, after he killed *Abel* 16
Cambyſes, who 159
Candaules, his imprudence, and the conſequences of it 117
Canning (Elizabeth) an impoſtor 47
Canon, of *Toledo*, an account of one 230
Carols, a ſpecimen of thoſe ſung by Waſſallers 84
Caſtor (and *Pollux*) the firſt Knights in white armour, 9. Their feats, *ibid.*
Cataline, his conſpiracy diſcovered by *Cicero* 241
Cæſar, his great memory, 172. Wrote with the ſame ſpirit he fought 202
Cervantes, his policy in concealing the place where *Don Quixote* lived, 1. His integrity ſuſpected, 15. An overſight of his, 158. An exalted genius, 253. Delicacy of his manners as apparent as that of his writing, *ibid.* Judged right to kill his hero himſelf, *ibid.* Falſely accuſed, 254. Vindicated, *ibid.* &c.
Chaſtity (great) owing to early riſing 3
Chryſoſtom, his misfortune owing to his want of ſkill in aſtrology, 81. His epitaph 101

Church,

Church (Cripplegate) by whom built, P. 6. Whence its name, *ibid.* Romiſh church, its abſurdities ridiculed 237
Cid Hamet Benengeli, no ingenious deſign in *Cervantes* making him the author of *Don Quixote*, and he is mentioned too frequently 254
Cimeter, a ſtory of one 184
Clergy, tenacious of their rights, 208. Marrying great perſons a ſtep to their preferment 209
Cobler, one a lord, by being drunk 30
Cock-Lane Ghoſt, an impoſtor 47
Colonel (*Lunsford*) his character 136
Confeſſion, *Don Quixote*'s 155
Confutation, how eaſieſt performed 151
Congreve, his plays cenſured, and why 234
Conjurers, their pretended art ridiculed 81
Conſecration, of *Don Quixote*, how performed 23
Conſtable, the ignorance of one 131
Conventicle, one violated 112
Cork-tree, the emblem of levity, and inconſtancy 78
Country people, credulous in reſpect to the predictions of Almanack-makers 82
Courteſy, a traveller's rewarded 139
Cowards, great politicians 68
Credulous perſons, eaſily deceived 219
Cretians, the opinion *Aratus* had of them 38
Cripple, one ſtole the golden weather-cock from St. Paul's ſteeple, 6. His piety equal to his ſacrilege, *ibid.*
Cure, for the mubble-fubbles, what 30

D.

D.

DANGER, like love, of an associating quality 76
Delicacy (false) what, 227. Censured, *ibid.*
Dictionaries (Latin) the ignorance of the compilers and translators 33
Diligence, the mother of success 226
Diseases, hereditary from parents 183
Dissertation, one on paper 153
Doctor (a French one) his method of reasoning 120
——— A Spanish one, his method of practice 252
Don Quixote, see *Quixote*
Door (removed) its effects 46
Drake, a tradition of him 176
Dramatic (author) every great one, will not consult what will please so much as what ought to please 235
Dream, the bad consequence of an Oxonian's, 44. A bottomless one, 113. The fatal effects of a glutton's, 127. The causes of dreams explained by *Lucretius* 194
Dress, its use and importance 206
Drinking, defended 134
Drunken Oxonian, his mistake 46
Duelles (a Spanish physician) his method of practice 252
Duelling, censured as unnatural and unlawful 167
Duke *Humphryan*'s, their pride for honour's sake 14
Dulcinea, her excellence, what 64

E.

E.

EARS, not ſanctified, their imperfection 54
Eel, a ſtory of one 183
Eggs, hatched in an oven, generally produce ſpirited chickens 182
Emperors (Roman) from whence their titles 56
Enchanters, not exempt from puniſhment when they aſſume the ſhapes of other beings 57
Enchantments, what ſort moſt frequent 228
Engliſh (writers) equal to foreigners, 39. Vices of foreign extraction, *ibid.*
Epigram (two) on St. George 198
Epilogue (one) wrong delivered 196
Epitaph (one) on *Chryſoſtom* 101
Equeſtrian order (of Knight-hood) how to be obtained 8
Euphema, her hiſtory 184

F.

FALSE delicacy, what, 227. Cenſured, *ibid.*
Fancies, imaginary ones, make ſtrong impreſſions, 45. Proved by a ſtory, *ibid.*
Father *(Benjamin)* who 34
Felon, the requeſt of one going to be hanged 60
Fierabras (Balſam of) the ceremonies to be obſerved in making it 118
Firſt views (of lovers) what, when, and where, moſt fortunate and unfortunate 78

Fools

Fools, priviledged talkers, 214. One undertakes to find another 168
Fortune-Physic Book, what 252
Funeral Oration, a specimen of one, after the manner of the *Irish* 97
French (the) do not regard the quantity of syllables, 7. Formerly very obscene in their dramatic representations 236

G.

GALBA, bald on the head 241
Gallantry, a story of an old lecher's 84
Gamster, the reflection of one, on his folly, 65. A story of another 155
Garrick (Mr. David) improved the *English* stage, 235. Equal merit as an actor and manager, *ibid.*
Gayton (Mr) a blunder of his corrected 32
George (St.) two epigrams on him, 198. Since he conquered the dragon, which was a female and pregnant, not one has been seen 238
Gluttony, defended 135
Goat's flesh, the most agreeable food to Knight-errants 75
Gondamore (Don) his answer to *King James* 8
Gospel (the) falsely thought to be ridiculed by *Cervantes* 254
Government, its rise 203
Greek (Oration) by a boy, its effect, 41. How it should be pronounced, 42

Grief,

Grief, beſt evaporated by ſhaking the diaphragma 29
Grobians, the education of their academy 77
Gueſts (departed ones) ſupply landlords of inns with matter to entertain new-comers 180
Gyges, a ſtory of him 117

H.

HAY, the emblem of human frailty 250
Hector, his cauſe eſpouſed by a butcher, 4. His unquiet ſpirit wandered on the Elyſian ſhore 194
Hercules, out-done by *Don Quixote*, 22. Ran about mad in his ſhirt, dipped in the blood of *Neſſus* 113
Hiſtorians, deſtroy their credit and authenticity by their own conjectures, 65. Modern ones ridiculed, 66. Obliged to warriors, and why 205
Hiſtory (the) of *Don Quixote* equal to any thing the mind of man ever produced 253
Homer, the place of his birth ſtill a challenge upon record 1
Honour, what the thirſt of it will make ſome men forego, 14. Honours purchaſed in Spain, 144. Falſe honour cenſured 167
Horſes, with ſtars in their foreheads, their origin 9
Houſe-keeper (*Don Quixote's*) her qualifications 32
Houſes, (in ancient times) adorned with armour, its uſe and effects 2

INDEX.

I.

JAGAS (the family of) their maxim 16
Jaques (of Spain) the effects of his holy life and prayer 239
Jews, allied to Knight-errants, why, 2. Lawful for them to match within their tribes, *ibid.*
Imperfection, of unsanctified ears 54
Indictments, the form of them ridiculed 132
Infancy, what we imbibe in it from our mothers and nurses, not curable by physic 182
Johnson (Ben) his comedy of the *Alchymist* compared to the *Don Quixote* of *Cervantes*, and why, 4. His policy in dedicating his *Volpone* to the two universities 38
Ireland, no spiders there, 238. Why 239
Irish, a specimen of their funeral orations 97
Judge, a ridiculous phrase of one, 137. Frequently beholden to the preacher of the assize sermon for the substance of his charge to the jury, 207. Should hear both sides with impartiality 208

K.

KING *(James)* spoke the Latin tongue correctly, 7. Contradicted 8
——— *(Arthur)* a tradition of his being translated into a raven 90
Knight-errants, and Alchymists compared, 3. Their order very ancient, 16. Few of

them Chriſtians, 95. Never return a blow when planet ſtruck, 249. The diſaſters of many 250

L.

LADLE, a ſtory of one 50
Lady, the opinion of one, concerning a young gentleman's face, 13. Picture of one drawn at church 79
Landlord's (of inns) their wit a cloak for their knavery, 15. Entertain new gueſts, by giving an account of old ones 180
Latin (Dictionaries) compiled and tranſlated by ignorant perſons, 33. Tongue, ſuffers purgatory in ſinging mens mouths 130
Latpackaſad, the ſenſe of it explained 7
Law, the loquacious preambles of it ridiculed 132
Learning, brought into diſcredit by the quarrels and diſputes of its profeſſors 202
Lingua (the Comedy of) not fit to be proſtituted to the vulgar 234
Lipſius, a better politician than hiſtorian 65
Love, not always the cauſe of madneſs, 34. Like dangers of an aſſociating nature, 76. A leveller, *ibid.* Inſtances of its effects, 83. Not always inſpired by beauty, 173. The original cauſes of it difficult to be found out 210
Lucian, his dialogues, compared to thoſe between *Sancho* and *Don Quixote*, and why 175
Lucretius, his thoughts on dreams 194
Lunsford (Colonel) his character 136

M.

M.

MADMEN privileged talkers 214
Madness, not always caused by love 34
Mahomet's tomb at *Mecca* 247
Maids, when improper to steal them 81
Male-Content (the ridiculous one) a tale 184
Mancha (the annals of it) difficult to procure a sight of them, 10. By what means obtained, *ibid.* What mention is made of *Don Quixote* in the register 166
Marcella, her epitaph on *Chrysostom* 101
Married persons, their affection falsely censured by pretenders to delicacy 227
Memory, instances of great ones 172
Men of great atchievements frequently disturbed in their sleep, 193. Instances 194
Mephistopholus, the spirit of expedition 175
Merchant (an English one) his generosity rewarded, a tale 184
Milo, his strength 108
Minds (vulgar ones) must be amused 232
Mock-Emperor, a story of one 45
Modern Patriarchs, more exalted than ancient 50
Money, why essentially necessary for travellers 17
Mothers, the folly of some 88
Mubble-fubbles, how cured 30

N.

NEWS, to be collected from barbers ſhops, 141. Foreign, diverts us from the thought of domeſtic 222
Niece (*Don Quixote's*) preſerved ſome of his books, and for what 36
Nile, the fountain head not yet diſcovered 1
Nobility (of Spain) why numerous 144
Non-reſidency, a ſubject for any text 145
Novels (modern ones) ridiculed 40

O.

OPINION (a lady's) of a gentleman's face 13
Oration, a Greek one ſpoke by a boy, its effect, 41. A funeral one, after the *Iriſh* manner 97
Order (of the Golden-Fleece) the moſt ancient 110
Oxonian, the dream of one, its bad conſequence, 44. The miſtake of a drunken one, 46. Another dreams of being at a feaſt, its ill effects 127

P.

PAINTER, a ſtory of one's drawing St. George and the dragon 19
Paper, its uſe and abuſe 153
Parents, governed by intereſt, in marrying their children, 88. Their diſeaſes as hereditary

tary as their eſtates, 183. Some of their vices hereditary, *ibid.* Our firſt parents, their tranſgreſſion 203
Patriarchs, (modern ones) more exalted than the ancient 50
Patrick (St.) ſent ſpiders from *Ireland* to *England* 239
Paul's (St.) ſcaffolds left ſtanding, and why 2
Perillus, tortured in the brazen bull 213
Perſian (honour) what the higheſt 58
Phantaſies, an anſwer of his to a queſtion aſked 70
Phyſic, not able to cure hereditary diſeaſes 182
Phyſician (a *Spaniſh* one) his method of practice 252
Picture (a lady's) drawn at church 79
Plato, baniſhed poets, his commonwealth 203
Play, one ſpoiled by two timorous actors 126
Play-houſes, the good policy of licenſing them, 232. What is exhibited there, ſhould be adapted to the capacities of every one 234
Pliny, an obſervation of his 182
Poets defended, 154. Why they ſhould marry, *ibid.* Many of them have every thing in their heads but bread 203
Pope (the) ſhould have a dirge for the tortures of the Catholic language 130
Powder (ſympathetic) a ſtory of its efficacy 70
Prayer, the motives of moſt mens 177

Prieſt, a ſtory of one 145
Prieſts (in *Spain*) the danger of inſulting them 59
Prioreſs, her ſearch after a male Nun 112
Proverbs, ſome of *Sancho Panza's* 176
Publicans, their method of drawing company to their houſes 183
Puddings, two ſtories of them 65
Purſe (of gold) an unfound one, the cauſe of a quarrel. 5

Q.

QUARREL, of two *Oxonians*, about the diviſion of an unfound purſe of gold 5
Quidere blunt, a corruption of *Cæteri Volunt* 115
Quixote (Don) why compared to Antæus, 31. His confeſſion, taken from ſome fragments of *Cid Hamet Benengeli*, 155. His anceſtors peaſants and plowmen 250

R.

REASON, ſome philoſophical ones, for the practice of drinking, 135. For the neceſſity of eating 136
Rebuſſes, ridiculed 41
Regiſter (of the *Mancha*) what it contains concerning *Don Quixote* 166
Ridiculous Malecontent, a ſtory of one 184
Riſing (early) the cauſe of chaſtity 3
Roman Emperors, from whence their titles 56

Romiſh,

Romiſh Church, its abſurdities ridiculous 237
Romulus, his being ſuckled by a wolf contradicted and explained 182
Rozinante, an imprudent ſtept of his 103

S.

SANCHO *Panza*, his proverbs ineffectual with his landlord, 121. Some made uſe of by him 176
Scaffolds, left ſtanding on St. *Paul's* church, why 2
Scholars, their claim of ſuperiority over men of arms 199
School-Maſters, neceſſary inſtruments in a commonwealth, 201. Seldom properly rewarded 202
Scotchman's laird, 131. Wife, the incoſtancy of one 139
Seaſon, what an improper one to gain a woman's affection 81
Seneca, his great memory 172
Shakeſpeare cenſured, 234. Commended 236
Sign, a ſtory of one 19
Soldier (an Iriſh one) killed an enemy after he was dead, 176. His life more dangerous and difficult than the ſcholar's 204
Soliſidians, who 96
Spaniards, pay little attention to the tranſpoſition of letters 7
Speech (*Don Quixote*'s) to his arms 20
Spiders, none in *Ireland* 238
Spies, ſometimes ſee too little, ſometimes too much 228

Spirits,

Spirits, timorous ones, unfit for great designs 171
Stage (the Spanish) its exhibitions ridiculed, 235. A story of what happened at one of their representations, *ibid.* *English*, of late years greatly improved and purged of its immorality, *ibid.*
Stars, in horses foreheads, their origin 9
State trappings, their use 206
Steeple (St. Paul's) robbed of the weather-cock by a cripple 6
Story, of a butcher's fighting for *Hector*, 4. Of two Oxonians, 5. Of an over-provident servant, 18. Of a painter's drawing a sign, 19. Of a drunken Oxonian's mistake, 46. Of the removal of a door, *ibid.* Of a ladle 50
Stratagem, one made use of by a gentleman to get labourers in harvest time 181
Strength, instances of it 108
Students (two) quarrel about dividing an unfound purse of gold, 5. Frightened at their own appearance in the characters of ghosts 126
Sword (salve) its use 17
Sympathetic Powder, a story of its efficacy 70

T.

TACITUS, a better politician than historian, why 65
Tale, a Scotch one 139
Te house of lust 116
Tilting (of Beer) its origin 25

Trans-

Tranſlations, generally the ſhadows of their originals 38
Trappings (of State) their uſe 206
Traveller, the courteſy of one, rewarded 139
Turk, by what bound to keep a promiſe 72

U.

UNguentum Armarium, its uſe 17

V.

VANBURGH, his plays cenſured 234
Vices *(Engliſh)* of foreign extraction, 39. Of particular countries, what *ibid.*
Viciſſitude 146
Vivaldo, his dialogue with Don Quixote 91
Vitellius, graced the chair of ſtate better than *Otho* 241
Volpone (the Comedy of) 38
Voyagers, their authenticity doubted 176
Vulgar (minds) muſt be amuſed 232

W.

WALLET, a ſtory of one 18
Warrants (for vagrants) not extendable to Knight-errants 224
Wars, why none among the brute creation 150
Waſſalers, a ſpecimen of the carols they ſing 84
Water, its uſes, 178. Good to cure a dead ſleep 195

Weather-

Weather-cock, on St. *Paul's* ſteeple, ſtole by a cripple 6
Wife, the inconſtancy of a Scotchman's 139
Windmills go to the left, why 55
Wit (of landlords) a cloak for their knavery 15
Witches, not exempt from puniſhment when they aſſume the ſhapes of other beings, 57. Their exiſtence diſbelieved, 241. An act of parliament againſt them, *ibid.*
Women, when improper to gain their affections, 81. Young ones ſhould not remain unmarried too long 87
World, almoſt impoſſible to conceal our actions from it 181
Writers (modern) equal to the ancients 39
Wrong, a ſecret curſe attends doing that which is ſo 181.

Y.

YOUNGEST (daughter) married firſt 87

FINIS.

E R R A T A.

P. 15. line 2. for *unwieldly*, read *unwieldy*. *P*. 31. l. 6. for *fit*, r. *fic*. p. 38. l. 9. for *ſtiled*, r. *ſtyled*. l. 13. for *ſtile*, r. *ſtyle*. p. 68. l. 10. r. *hue*. p. 70. l. 22. r. *council*. p. 81. l. 26. r. *doomed*. p. 87. l. 4. r. *dropped*. l. 12. for *put*, r. *but*. p. 94. l. 17. r. *penance*. p. 102. l. 10. r. *follow*. p. 123. l. 18. r. *buttons*. p. 134. l. 22. r. *conjuge*. p. 141. l. 14. r. *iſſue*. p. 178. l. 22. r. *ſtyled*. p. 188. l. 21. r. *woman*. p. 207 l. 6. r. *phyſicians*. p. 216. l. 8. r. *than*. p. 224. l. 5. r. *attach*. l. 15. r. *ſuperſedeas*. p. 226. l. 9. r. *ſquire*. p. 231. l. 26. r. *principal*. p. 232. l. 5. r. *eunuchs*. p. 233. l. 22. r. *populariter*. p. 248. l. 20. r. *abſence*. *Chap*. iv. is omitted by miſtake in pag. 78.